THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JULY 17, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1929. }

MY FRIEND.

Would'st thou be a friend of mine?—
  Then must be quick and bold
When the right is to be done,
  And the truth is to be told;

Wearing no friend-like smile
  When thine heart is hot within,
Making no truce with fraud or guile,
  No compromise with sin

Open of eye and speech,
  Open of heart and hand,
Holding thine own but as in trust
  For thy great brother-band.

Patient and stout to bear,
  Yet bearing not for ever;
Gentle to rule, and slow to bind,
  Like lightning to deliver!

True to thy fatherland,
  True to thine own true love;
True to thine altar and thy creed,
  And thy good God above.

But with no bigot scorn
  For faith sincere as thine,
Though less of form attend the prayer,
  Or more of pomp the shrine;

Remembering Him who spake
  The word that cannot lie,
"Where two or three in my name meet
  There in the midst am I!"

I bar thee not from faults—
  God wot, it were in vain!
Inalienable heritage
  Since that primeval stain!

The wisest have been fools—
  The surest stumbled sore;
Strive thou to stand—or fallen, arise,
  I ask thee not for more!

This do, and thou shalt knit
  Closely my heart to thine;
Next the dear love of God above,
  Such friend on earth, be mine!

THE HEIRESS.

CHAPTER III.

"But confess that you *are* flirting a little with Sir Henry, Emily?" said Helen Stamford, as they sat together before dinner on the day of the ball at Silvermere.

"My most prudent mentor," Emily answered, "to anybody else I should put the usual mystifying question, 'What do you mean by flirting?' but as I don't want you to look grave and search into every cranny of my thoughts, with those great gray eyes of yours, I answer that Sir Henry Clayton does amuse me, and, that being the case, that I prefer laughing with him, and occasionally being grave with him, to talking to anybody else. And so I suppose that *is* flirting with him."

The two were sitting in Helen's room—such a pretty, graceful little den, with its pink and white curtains and carefully arranged vases of flowers, its two or three exquisite engravings after Rafaelle, and its litter of books—showing that Helen's shelves were not filled for ornament. Emily Hope half reclined on a little couch by the open window, in a most becoming white dressing-gown and blue ribbons, which gave a little flutter every now and then, as a gentle puff of summer air brought a scent of mignionette from the bright garden below, and disturbed their silken tranquillity. Helen, also *en robe de chambre*, sat opposite her in a very comfortable-looking arm-chair, and between the two stood a small table, which explained the cause of the young ladies meeting at this hour and in this guise.

They were having their afternoon tea, and this hour Emily always affirmed was the most delightful one of the whole day. It was the only thing that invigorated one after coming in tired from riding or driving, to go through the fatigues of the evening, she would declare, throwing her pretty head languidly to one side, while her bright blue eyes, against her will, contradicted the affected little announcement by dancing about most unweariedly under their long lashes.

"But don't you think this method of amusing yourself may be rather dangerous to poor Sir Henry?" Helen went on, perseveringly.

Emily laughed.

"My dear Helen, can you ask it seriously! Dangerous? I'm sure I hope not. But really, if you reflect on all one has ever heard of him, I think you will allow that Sir Henry himself would be the first to consider *me* the one in danger, and pity me accordingly."

"Your opinion of his self-esteem is certainly so far right; but then you only increase it by letting him monopolize you as you do. Why don't you talk to Mr. Sutton a little? I assure you he's quite as clever as Sir Henry, and really very agreeable when you talk to him."

"Now, now, I have got you, my Lady Abbess!" Emily exclaimed, clapping her hands gleefully. "*Now* it's my turn. Pray will you tell me how and when I am to talk to Mr. Sutton, when his whole attention and conversation is given to you? He may be very clever and agreeable, but of that I can scarcely judge, as we rarely exchange sentiments; in fact, the only real conversation I have had with him was coming from Tintern the day before yesterday, and then he looked after your horse the greater part of the time. If you talk of conceit, Helen, I must say I think Mr. Sutton looks *abominably* conceited."

And having triumphantly delivered this opinion, Miss Hope gathered her pretty mouth into a defiant expression, and opened her blue eyes full on Helen Stamford.

"Nay, dear," the latter rejoined, "it was you talked of conceit, not I. But I think Mr. Sutton has his full share of it. I don't attempt to defend that proposition, for it is quite as evident to me as it can be to you that Mr. Sutton thinks he has made a profound impression upon me."

Helen played with the spoon in her saucer as she spoke, looking very quiet and unconcerned the while.

"What a funny girl you are, Helen!" her companion exclaimed, laughing. And getting up from the couch, she pushed a stool towards Helen's chair, sat down on it, and rested her arms on Helen's knee, while she looked up in her face. "If *I* thought Mr. Sutton had that condescending idea about me, I would never speak to him again—never!"

"And Sir Henry Clayton?" suggested Miss Stamford, rather provokingly, we must own.

"Don't tease me, Helen, and never mind Sir Henry. I'll never speak to him again, either, if you think I'd better not. But oh, by-the-by! I want to speak to you about the funny conversation at Tintern the day before yesterday. *Did* you see how startled Mr. Sutton looked when you made that vehement assertion about quitting this wicked earth if your ladye-love had proved unfaithful to you? If you had taken a pistol out of your pocket and suddenly fired it, I don't think the whole party could have been more dismayed. Mrs. Stamford looked annoyed, *ce cher* Philip surprised, Mrs. Lloyd shocked, as became a *ci-devant* governess before her renegade pupil."

"I took it too seriously, certainly, Emmy," Miss Stamford replied; "but you know I have a way of speaking out just what I think, and I carried the thought on seriously in my head. Oh, I hope nobody I love will ever prove traitor to me, Emily! I do think it would break my heart."

And such a look of acute suffering came into Helen's eyes, that poor little Emily felt a great tear come out of hers, and very nearly roll down each cheek; which, as she was conscious, was extremely foolish.

"Nobody could, Helen," she said, very earnestly; "they must always love you. If it were *me*, you know, it would be different, because I don't deserve anything better, and, if you won't tell anybody, what I said at Tintern was quite true. I'm afraid I should care for somebody else directly! Yes, it's very shocking," she went on, looking up in Helen's face with a sort of solemnity a child sometimes puts on, "but I don't think I shall ever marry, Helen, (I don't mean that there's anything shocking in *that*;) but, do you know, I don't think I should care for my husband for any length of time, and I should always want to care for a new person. Don't laugh. I assure you it makes me quite unhappy sometimes, for it's such a dreadful weak, capricious character to have."

Helen did laugh.

"I don't think you need feel anxious on that score, Emily," she said; "when you really do care for anybody, that fear will vanish—if you love truly, I mean, and not with what women sometimes call love—mere passing preferences, born out of vanity, which they dignify with the name." And her lip curled scornfully as she spoke.

"Well, of course I don't know anything about it all," Emily answered. "I don't suppose I ever shall care for anybody, for you know I'm one-and-twenty, and I was far more in love with Prince Cheri when I was ten years old, than I ever have been with any one since. So, you see, I'm borne to be an old maid. I might make a *mariage de convenance*, to be sure, but—" Helen put her hand across the speaker's mouth.

"No treasonable speeches in my den, please! Why, you are just at the most dangerous age for a *grande passion*—so beware! You would run a chance of never 'getting over it' now, as it is called. No, Emmy, when you love, you will love well, or I am much mistaken in you—with all your woman's heart, with all your woman's devotion. Worthily, I pray; but, if not, still you will love; for, when once the ice-barrier is broken, you cannot stop the tide. You will love, even though, in return, un-love sometimes meets you; proud to all the world else, *then* you will forget all pride; forsaken—ay, even *forsaken*—you will love on, and bless instead of curse; love on unloved, or, may-hap—die!"

Helen had clasped her hands together in the passion of her speech, and gazed straight before her as though the space contained some object visible alone to her, while her inspired eyes shone with steadfast light from out their depths. As she spoke the last words her head drooped upon her breast, and there was silence in the room.

And if you had looked at them as they sat there, you would have seen that between the two spirits lay some broad gulf, some Rubicon of the soul, which the one had passed and the other not. The one—the elder, though in look so much the younger—seemed like a fair, unlettered page; on the other, there were noble types impressed—to be read hereafter.

"I have made you look quite grave, Emmy," Helen broke the silence by saying, in a lighter tone; "and, to descend to a material subject, do you know it's very near dinner-time, and we haven't made the least attempt at dressing yet?"

This was matter of too great moment to be longer neglected, so Miss Hope jumped up in a great hurry and out of the reverie into which she was just sinking, shook down all her beautiful brown hair at the same moment, and in this dishevelled condition made her way, with some trepidation, along the passage to her room.

"Do you anticipate a pleasant ball to-night, Miss Stamford?" Philip Sutton asked, as they traversed the long gallery leading to the ball-room at Silvermere that evening; a commonplace question enough, to be sure, which Helen quietly answered in the negative.

"No! then why did you come?"

"Does one never do anything but what one is inclined to?" she asked, smiling.

"Oh, of course; but going to a ball is surely not a matter of duty."

"That *is*, perhaps, rather a serious light to regard it in; but perhaps if I had liked the idea of coming to-night very much, I should have been very angry with myself."

"I never before heard of a young lady imposing a ball upon herself as a penance," Philip went on to observe.

"Nor do I. I am simply indifferent to it, and rather dislike coming than not."

"You are no flatterer, Miss Stamford." Here they entered the room, Philip was introduced, and they moved on to the spot Mrs. Stamford chose as her chaperone-throne for the night. "You won't allow that your party may perhaps make the evening less disagreeable to you," Philip continued, somewhat piqued.

"'My party' I should have had round me at home," Helen answered, laughing; "but you are quite right to say I am no flatterer—*I* hope not, at least. I like you very much, Mr. Sutton," she added, fixing her gray eyes calmly and gravely on his face, "and I think you very agreeable and amusing, but, notwithstanding, I don't think you can make me enjoy any ball particularly at present."

"If we were in the Palace of Truth just now, as you almost make me imagine we are, I should ask why, and you would be obliged to answer me; but I have more consideration for *you*, Miss Stamford," Philip said, in a tone of half reproach, "than you have for 'your party.' At anyrate, will you begin by making the evening agreeable to *me*, though I cannot make it so to you—will you dance this waltz with me?" And he already half offered his arm.

"I don't waltz," Helen replied.

"Not waltz! Since when have you given it up, Miss Stamford? Why, I remember having the pleasure of waltzing with you at your first ball. You really mustn't refuse so old an acquaintance." Helen shook her head. "Do you disapprove of waltzing?" Philip asked.

"No, not particularly."

"Then *why*, again? But I beg your pardon; I forget we are *not* in the Palace of Truth."

A bright color suffused Helen's pale face, but she did not speak; and Philip, feeling rather angry, dashed into animated conversation with Mrs. Stamford, Emily having by this time disappeared among the crowd of dancers with Sir Henry Clayton.

It was a very pretty ball, and amusing as most country balls are. This one was given to celebrate Mr. Carew's coming of age (Lord Delamayne's eldest son,) and the whole country-side was invited, the house being, besides, filled with London guests, who shone conspicuous among the country cousins, and were looked upon with awe by the latter. Jack Stamford distinguished himself by making a speech at supper, totally uncalled for, of course, but which, though it caused the stranger guests to stare a good deal, was not unexpected by those who knew that the talent of silence was never his.

An eccentric old gentleman, too, privileged to a certain extent in the neighborhood, proposed Mr. Carew's health in a "neat and appropriate speech," wherein he made an equally neat and appropriate allusion to the period when the heir should become Lord Delamayne; an allusion which evidently struck the old gentleman as singularly happy, for his bald forehead shone with self-gratulation, and he rubbed his hands complacently the while. But as the allusion could scarcely be so agreeable to him who was still the *present* Lord Delamayne, the company felt extremely foolish, and nothing but the *à propos* striking up of a galop by the band could have prevented their mentally consigning the old gentleman to—merely a Candle lecture and his nightcap, we do assure you!

Philip Sutton was engaged to Emily for this galop, the first dance she had been able to give him this evening, Sir Henry Clayton having appropriated every dance she had to spare. This was not saying much, for she was much in request—"Despite her position, poor girl," Philip thought.

She had talked, however, more than danced with Sir Henry, and once Philip felt unaccountably provoked with them and with himself, for he stumbled over them in the conservatory, which, brilliantly lighted up and dazzling with flowers, opened out of the ball-room, where they were walking up and down in earnest conversation.

"It is really a pity Miss Hope should make herself so conspicuous," he thought. "And he may be merely amusing himself. How can a woman throw herself away upon a puppy of that sort?" And Mr. Sutton instantly walked away and danced a quadrille with Helen, whom he had forgiven for not waltzing with him.

Now, however, Emily was free, and Philip being in a forgiving mood, quickly pardoned her also, though he could not help feeling impatient when he saw how totally innocent she looked of requiring forgiveness for anything. And two or three other dances he had with her besides, and though he had resolved to talk a great deal about Helen, strange to say her name was only mentioned when once, as they passed where she stood, talking good-naturedly to the ancient orator, she looked round and smiled her own honest, quiet smile at them. Philip had quite made up his mind the day before to marry Helen Stamford. He thought she certainly liked him, and even her straightforward manner that evening had caused him not a doubt of this. It was probably a mere blind. Yet, oddly enough, he did not feel much chagrined that she had been so little with him this evening, and he found Emily Hope positively a sort of rest, though she was so much more lively, and made him exert himself so much more than Helen did.

He felt *extremely* interested in Helen; she was so true and high-minded, such a noble creature, he should be quite proud of such a wife, and he really cared a great deal for her. But somehow—he did not even like to confess it to himself—he could not help feeling a certain sense of weight and fatigue after they had been talking together for any length of time.

"The fact is," Philip once acknowledged, though only for a moment, "I fear I'm only an ordinary mortal, and Helen is never very far removed from the firmament; and the exalted position is rather fatiguing. When I come home tired after a day in chambers, I shan't be ready or inclined for a journey by electric telegraph straight up to the moon.

But Philip admired her very much indeed.

* * * * *

"Helen, you were quite right," said Emily Hope, quietly, as she stood in Helen's room after their return from the ball, reflectively pulling the remains of her bouquet to pieces as she spoke.

A beautiful morning was spreading its light over the scarcely autumn-tinted woods which lay beneath her eye as she stood at the window; the drive from Silvermere had been a long one, and it was late before they left. Helen turned round inquiringly.

"About Sir Henry Clayton, I mean," Emily answered to the gesture without looking at her.

"I thought so," Helen said, in a quiet tone. "And you?"

"Refused him, of course," Miss Hope replied, now looking round, and showing Helen a very pale, tired little face. "I always refuse everybody, you know!" and there was a slight degree of bitterness in her tone. "I don't know how people can be so foolish as to give me the opportunity."

Helen was too generous to say anything just then, though many a female friend would now have enjoyed the opportunity of proving how very sensible her warning had been, and how it was no wonder men "who are *always* more or less conceited," should mistake Miss Hope's manner, frank and thoughtless as a very child's, for decided encouragement. For Emily really was not a flirt; she talked to men just as unconcernedly as if they were women, and never caring for any one in any more tender light, she generally forgot that the unhappy victims might not be so "spider-hearted." Then, when she discovered her mistake, Miss Hope became very angry, provoked with herself for being so thoughtless, and indignant with the victim for the time being for his blindness and conceit.

"I am very sorry indeed," she now went on, "for poor Sir Henry looked so—so—I really never thought he *could* look mortified."

"I dare say it won't do him any harm for once," Helen said, with a little shade of malice. But Miss Hope would not take this consolation.

"Oh, but Helen, dear! he really looked unhappy, and you know I like him very much—but I think he *might* have seen! He would be furious if it were known, and of course I wouldn't have told it to any one but you, because I tell you everything. Nelly"—and the little puss put her arms round Helen, and looked up at her in such a manner that nobody could have scolded her after that, if she had just committed a felony—"and I know you never tell anybody."

"Of course not," Helen said, kissing her. Helen, who would scarcely have repeated to herself that she had refused an offer—Helen, who understood honor as men understand it.

"And now, don't you think you had better go and sleep it away, Emmy? you look so tired! Oh, by-the-by," she added, as Emily turned to leave the room, "how did you get on with Mr. Sutton? Did you like him?"

"Yes," said Miss Hope, rather stiffly. "He seems a very nice person. Good-by! And Helen remained alone.

Meantime Philip was deciding within himself that he must now lose no time in offering Helen Stamford his hand and—heart. The doubts he had had as to the amount of her fortune had this night been put at rest; for one of his partners, a stranger in that part of the country, had asked him that evening "if that was Mrs. Stamford?" looking towards her. "And is that the heiress?" continued his fair questioner, glancing towards Helen, who stood beside her.

"*Is* she an heiress?" Philip had asked, laughingly.

"One of the greatest heiresses in the south country, I am told," was the reply; "everybody talks about her. You are quite a stranger here to-night, I suppose?"

"I came with Miss Stamford's party," Mr. Sutton answered, dryly, for he did not wish Helen to be further discussed by his inquisitive partner.

"Yes," he now soliloquised, "my stay here has now been long enough, and I must be decisive in my measures. Emily suits me perfectly, and I feel convinced I shall never care for any one more than I do for her. Affection founded upon thorough esteem is, after all, the surest and most lasting a man can hope for, and this I truly feel for Emily; hers is such a grand, genuine nature, so unlike the ordinary young lady characters one generally meets. She will be more than merely my wife—she will be my friend. And then Emily, I am sure, does more than merely like me; she—pshaw! what a fool I am! Here I am, calling Miss Stamford 'Emily,' though why that little flirt, Miss Hope, should get into my head just now, I can't precisely tell. There's not the slightest similarity between them—luckily!"

CHAPTER IV.

"'List of casualties in the trenches, from the 4th to the 7th, inclusive,'" said Mr. Stamford, as they dawdled over a late breakfast, talking over the ball of the night before. The post had just come in, and Mr. Stamford held the *Times* in his hand. "Shall I read it out? It's a longish list to-day." And, clearing his throat, and settling his spectacles on his nose, Mr. Stamford read aloud a dozen names of the killed and wounded in that day's list from Sebastopol. "'Ensign Moore, wounded severely in the leg; Brevet Major Smith, right hand shot off; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel—' Him!" said Mr. Stamford, clearing his throat, determinedly, and glancing over the top of the paper.

"Go on, papa," Helen said, with a tremor in her voice.

"I've lost my place," said Mr. Stamford, with a total disregard to truth. "'Brevet Major Smith—' I read that; 'Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Marlowe, wounded severely in the arm, since amputated; Captain Brown, slightly;' and so on Mr. Stamford went, down to the end of one of those lists then so common. Helen, meanwhile, had turned deadly pale, and, holding her hands tightly pressed together, had risen, and, standing behind her father's chair, looked over his shoulder as he read.

Emily Hope glanced anxiously at her, but dared not say a word; Mrs. Stamford fidgeted, and pulled her bracelets about; Jack whistled a tune. Philip Sutton, alone unobservant, looked over some business letters forwarded from town, listening with one ear to the names read aloud.

"Nobody I know," he broke the silence by saying. "Two or three of the names are familiar to me, but that's all. Here is the song I wrote to London for, Miss Stamford; I think you will like it." And he raised his eyes to look at her, but Helen had slipped quietly out of the room.

"She has just gone," Mrs. Stamford explained. "I am afraid Helen is a little fagged after her dissipation."

"Will you try it over for me, Miss Hope?" Philip asked. "I want to know if it is the right edition."

Helen meantime hurried to her own room, and, having first secured the door of that, her fortalice, drew the long deep breath which she had so tightly held before she quitted the breakfast-room, and which felt like a weight of lead upon her chest. She did not then proceed to go into hysterics, or pace distractedly up and down the room like a tragedy queen, but she knelt down at once by the side of her bed, and fervently clasping her cold hands together, bent her pale, tearless face over them, and remained for a few minutes in an attitude far more expressive of sorrow than the wildest demonstration could have been. She could not pray just yet, but she felt that kneeling down promptly thus was her greatest safeguard—the only one thing that it occurred to her to do. Where could she find such comfort as even in the outer court, on the doorstep of prayer?

The news she had dreaded from day to day of a weary year and more, had now given her as great a shock as if she had never expected it. He was wounded, far away from her; severely, she *knew*—dangerously, she *feared*. It might have been worse?—nay, how knew she that? for even now he might be— "Oh, God, spare him! spare my darling!" the poor heart called out in its sorrow. "Give him back to me—Father, do not let him die!" And Helen prayed earnestly—prayed with faith as a little child—prayed now as since her childhood she had ever done—took her sorrow up upon her, and laid it down at God's feet—humbly praying.

What months of anxiety those twelve had been, none but such constant, impassioned hearts as hers could know. Helen's was one of those natures that love not very readily or diffusely, though kindly and sympathising to all. She did not for a word or a glance undo the gates of her heart; many had knocked long and loud for admittance there in vain. But if once the "open sesame" was found, wide flew the portals to admit the welcome guest, and from out those chambers none who entered went forth again. When Helen loved, she loved mightily, tenaciously, even in ordinary affection, as she had shown by the love she bore her mother's sister, with whom a great part of her childhood had been spent, and from whom Helen derived her much-talked-of fortune. So that when, two years before the time of which we write, she gave her first love—a woman's greatest treasure and possession—to George St. John Marlowe, it was forever and for aye.

Captain Marlowe was Sir Stephen Marlowe's nephew and heir, very well connected, and an excellent *parti* accordingly, and Mrs. Stamford was charmed to give her consent to Helen's engagement to him. Nothing could be more desirable. Sir Stephen was related to some of the best families in England; Captain Marlowe was a delightful person, exactly suited to Helen, and Mr. Stamford was quite satisfied. A general rose-color spread over the whole arrangement.

And Helen was happy—ah, so happy! thinking of but one thing, knowing but one thing—that she was George Marlowe's affianced wife, that she had passed her word to him and he to her, and that nothing but death could now separate them.

Meantime the war broke forth, but Marlowe's regiment was not ordered out, and so all might have gone on smoothly had many another man than George Marlowe been concerned. But to him inaction was gall and wormwood; a power stronger than even love drew him onward; a voice, as the voice of a trumpet, sounded ever in his ear, "To battle, to battle! up, up and doing!" And the voice to George Marlowe was the voice of duty. He, a soldier, remain sluggishly in England, when England's men were fighting, dying for their mother's service? "Helen, Helen! must it be so?" he said; "I leave it to you to decide." And Helen, feeling the call, too, in her hero-heart, though that heart was full to bursting, said, looking the while into his ardent eyes, "It shall not be so. Go, George; *I* tell you to go!"

The next day they parted, and Helen knew George Marlowe loved her none the less.

Marlowe went up to London, and announced his intention of exchanging into a Crimean regiment to his uncle, or if this occasioned delay, of going out as a volunteer. Sir Stephen was furious, told his nephew he was mad, and that he utterly refused his consent to such a measure.

Marlowe stood firm. And then Sir Stephen declared that if his only nephew and nearest heir persisted in this Quixotic resolution, he, Sir Stephen Marlowe, should take the liberty of entirely disinheriting one who could be so ungrateful and rebellious; and, moreover, should intimate his intention to Mr. Stamford at once. Poor George turned very pale, but still stood firm.

Sir Stephen wrote to Mr. Stamford, altered his will, and thereby considerably changed Captain Marlowe's position in the world and in the eyes of any prudent parents. He must, of course, still inherit the baronetcy, but that was rather a misfortune than otherwise, and, beyond his commission, Marlowe had very little else. Mrs. Stamford urged Helen to write and dissuade him from his wild resolution; but her daughter answered, with a grave smile, that her eloquence was already enlisted on the other side.

To cut a long story short, George Marlowe went to the Crimea disinherited, and, before leaving, received a note from Mr. Stamford, stating that his obstinate and rebellious conduct had put an end to any engagement which might have subsisted between Miss Stamford and himself. By the same post George received a letter from Helen, telling him that he knew her word was pledged to him for ever, that nothing but death could compel her to retract it, and that for ever she held him to his promise. And with a lightened heart George set forth on his venture of life or death.

You think Helen was a very undutiful daughter, oh my reader? Far be it from me to advocate any infringement of the fifth commandment; but listen to what she argued, and remember that, as I have said, Helen understood Honor. With all reverence—for she loved her father and mother, and it grieved her to the heart to pain them—the girl thus represented it: "When George was rich and prosperous you gave your consent joyfully to my being his wife. Mother, you yourself put my hand in his, and called him your son. And then I promised—I gave him my word, and I have never yet broken my word—that I would be his wife were he rich or poor, in health or in sickness, loving him alone. And now what has he done that I should retract it? *I* told him to go. *I* would have fought, if I had been a man, as he is going to fight now. And because Sir Stephen Marlowe chooses to take back what he has hitherto called George's, am *I* to take back what I gave him? Mother, do you think I could ever look into my heart again if I did this—blackened, disfigured thing that it would be? I tell you I can't give George up in this way; but I will do nothing underhand. I will write to him, and he will write to me, but you shall always know when letters come or go. You'll trust me, won't you?"

Mrs. Stamford, who was really a kind-hearted woman, would not have opposed the engagement herself determinedly. "But I must agree with your father, my dear child," she said to Helen; "and you know when *he* once says a thing what use there is in my gainsaying it." And so matters went on, Helen corresponding regularly with George Marlowe, but never once concealing when she wrote to or heard from him, her quiet communications on the subject being received with profound silence. But beyond their first formal declaration that they considered the engagement at an end, and this tacit disapproval, Mr. and Mrs. Stamford dared not take more violent measures, for they knew Helen's determination of character too well, and her mother hoped, in her secret heart, that time and absence might weaken Marlowe's hold over her. (This was the principal reason why Mrs. Stamford had now encouraged Philip's attentions to her daughter, hoping that he might in some degree distract her thoughts, and therefore her looks of satisfaction whenever Helen seemed to derive pleasure from them.) Had they refused their consent at first, when Captain Marlowe proposed for her, Helen was too dutiful not to have yielded at once, though it

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are prefurred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

THE MORMON DIFFICULTY.

We have been rather astonished of late, at seeing intimations in various quarters, that the settlement of the Mormon difficulty—if it be settled, which is more than doubtful—was the work of our fellow citizen, Col. Kane; and that his success as a volunteer ambassador, proved the folly of going to the expense of sending regular officials, with an army at their back, to coerce the rebellious "saints" into submission.

Now while we are willing to give all due credit to Col. Kane for his efforts to bring the Mormons to their senses, and trust that said efforts have had their reasonable effect, we cannot admit, without more proof than we have yet seen, that the real and potent negotiators in the matter were not the force of between two and three thousand men, who were only awaiting the arrival of their supplies to march to Salt Lake City, whether Brigham Young bade them welcome or not.

We apprehend that neither the eloquence of Gov. Cumming or of Col. Kane would have produced much effect—"charmed they never so wisely"—had it not been for the presence of Gen. Johnston and his command at Camp Scott. And therefore we are far from thinking the action unwise which ordered that force to Utah, or the money wasted which was necessary to meet the expenses of its march. Neither are we able to perceive the wisdom of the counsel which would arrest the onward progress of Gen. Johnston to Salt Lake City, and make of the whole proceeding a farce equal to that described in the old couplet—

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill—and then marched down again!"

It was the general understanding of the country that the army was sent to Utah for the purpose of re-establishing the overthrown authority of the United States, and to uphold the decrees of the judicial power in any matter that might legally arise, touching the reprehensible practice of polygamy. The general feeling of the country, without regard to party lines, was understood to be with the Government in this matter. If the two ends alluded to are not accomplished, the expedition, in the general apprehension, will be a failure, and the millions it has cost be considered wasted. That this common-sense view of the matter is taken by the President and his constitutional advisers, we judge from a recent article in the *Washington Union*, the most important parts of which we here append:—

The march of the army into Utah was for the purpose of restoring the supremacy of the laws of the United States in that portion of the domain of the United States, and not for the purpose of making war upon the Mormons, or any other persons whatever, who, as good citizens, should obey the laws. So far, this object of the President has been accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood, and it is hoped and believed that it will be entirely accomplished without a single act of collision or violence to a single individual.

But the duty of maintaining and enforcing the execution of the laws being imperative upon the President, and his right and discretion to dispose of the army as he may deem best for this purpose in the territories of the Union being unrestricted, no individual or set of individuals has a right to resist or complain of any allocation which he may make of the troops of the United States in the territories, so long as it is done in the discreet execution of this duty, and without intentional oppression or violence to their inhabitants. * * *

The formidable military power that he marched into Utah was the peace-maker—the sole peace-maker—which calmed the noisy turbulence of the Mormon leaders, and impelled their emigration from Salt Lake City. It may suit the purpose of partisan agitators to represent the hegira as a stipulation of Young with Col. Kane, upon a pledge that the army should remain immured in the bleak and barren fastnesses of the mountains where it was, but the pretence is too preposterous even for partisan credulity. No person in Utah, official or unofficial, has, or ever has had, authority from the President to limit his constitutional power to dispose of the army wherever his duty to the laws and to the public service require: and we venture to affirm that this point has been expressly and zealously protected in all instructions that have been issued in regard to Utah.

* * * * * *

If Col. Kane has made any pledge of the sort, it was wholly unauthorized and inadmissible. The mission of Col. Kane was purely personal and individual—made at his own impulse and on his own responsibility. He was a personal acquaintance of the President, and possessed his esteem, and hence, we believe, took with him letters of introduction to officers of the army from Mr. Buchanan as from an individual.

But he went neither as agent of the President nor an officer of the Government; neither as secret agent nor as public officer; but simply on an individual, self-imposed mission, as a private citizen, philanthropist, well-wisher of the Mormons, or what you will. He took no message from the President, other than the President had publicly announced, in regard to the Mormons; and whatever assurances he may have given the Mormon leaders of the pacific intentions of the President, were such as were publicly advertised by the President in his official proclamation—such as any other person from the States might have given the Mormons with equal confidence.

It is, therefore, the boldest pretension in the world to magnify any conferences that may have occurred between Col. Kane and Brigham Young into pledges, of the dignity of treaties, between great, equal and contending powers, in order to convert the march of an American army, upon American soil, under the orders of an American President, into an infamous and outrageous proceeding.

BANCROFT AND DR. JOHNSON.

A recent review—favorable in its character—in the *London Athenæum*, of Bancroft's History of the United States, quotes the following from said History:—

"Had Johnson been truly a man of genius, he would have escaped the shame of having, in his old age, aimed at freedom the feeble shaft which was meant to have carried ruin. In spite of the ostentatious pomp of his morality, his own heart was riveted to the earth. At the last, he cowered under the fear of dissolution as though death were an enemy; scarifying his limbs in the vain hope of breathing though but a few hours more; unable in the moment of change to fix his eye on God, or to grasp eternity; the emblem of the old political system, which also lay on its deathbed, helplessly longing to live on. His name is never breathed as a watchword; his writings never thrill as oracles."

"Johnson was a poor man's son, and had himself tasted the bitter cup of extreme indigence. His father left no more than twenty pounds. To bury his mother and pay her little debts, he had written Rasselas. For years he had gained a precarious support as an author. He had paced the streets of London all night long, from not having where to lay his head; he had escaped a prison for a trifle he owed by begging an alms of Richardson, had broken his bread with poverty, and had even known what it is from sheer want to go without a dinner. When better days came, he loved the poor as few else love them; and he nursed in his house whole nests of the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful. A man who had thus sturdily battled with social evils, and was so keenly touched by the wretchedness of the down-trodden, deserved to have been able to feel for an injured people, &c."

Mr. Bancroft will do well, in our opinion, if he expunges all such matter as the above, from the future editions of his history. It is too ridiculous, the idea of snubbing surly but grand old Dr. Johnson in that way. Mr. Bancroft must be, we think, the first American who ever took Dr. Johnson's obstinate and partly unreasoning toryism so much to heart. We, for one, always considered it a capital joke—something to be laughed at, more than even pardoned—and not to be cared for, much less punished, to the extent of a brass farthing.

As to Dr. Johnson's not being "truly a man of genius," that is a matter of opinion. If the old doctor had not "genius," he had something amazingly like it, and not much inferior to it—a strong and sturdy common sense which clove through most sophistries like a heavy, two-handed broadsword. He did a great work in his day and generation, and we honor him for it. Neither do we find ourselves thinking of him as an alien or an enemy. His fame seems to us the common property of all who speak that English tongue which he spake with such a sonorous sound. His reputation, it seems to us, should be as dear to American writers, as to those who chance to be born on that little isle he loved not always wisely and broadly, and therefore "too well."

As to Mr. Bancroft's allusions to the tendency to superstition in Dr. Johnson's character, we think they are not such as he himself will be disposed to justify upon reflection. The religious weaknesses of a great mind should be touched reverently, if touched at all. Pity would charitably cover that infirmity which was calculated to injure no one but its possessor—nor seek for the purpose of avenging a mere political injury, now some seventy years old, to

"Draw his frailties from their dread abode."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Up to the present writing, nothing has been heard of the vessel engaged in laying the Telegraph, though she was expected some time ago. By the 10th, if the Niagara does not appear, it may be regarded as certain that the enterprise has failed, and the ships returned to England. The captain of the steamship Africa thinks he saw the ships, but the weather was so foggy he did not speak them. We trust we shall not have to record another failure, but probably three persons out of four expect such a result.

Some who are well acquainted with both the science and art of telegraphing, say that even if the wire were laid, it could not be worked. Mr. Shaffner, of Washington, in a letter dated June 18, said:—

Four years ago I published to the world in America and Europe that my studies and experiments on both continents satisfied me that a current of electricity of any known form or mode of generation could not be transmitted for telegraphic service from Ireland to Newfoundland. Since that time there have been no new discoveries in galvanic or other electric developing powers changing the state of science, then calculated upon, in the demonstration of the impracticability of the proposed telegraph.

It has been stated that a current of electricity has been transmitted through the whole 3,000 miles of the Atlantic cable in the ships, and therefore there can be no doubt but what the climax has been attained. This imposition has been fully exposed in my memorial to Congress. When the cable is laid in the water, the element of retardation then commences its functions. "The further they lay out the cable the feebler will be the current," until it cease to traverse the wire.

I predict—not as a matter of prophecy, but as a certain result springing from the fixed laws in electric science—that the cable will be laid perhaps 1,000 or more miles, and it will be found unavailable for telegraphing. In this dilemma the company will have the cable broken again, and the accident will be charged to Providence! This will be the finale.

THE FRENCH EMIGRANTS AND LIBERIA.—It is emphatically denied that the "free emigrants" on board the French vessel, the Regina Coli, were persons procured at Liberia, and originally from the United States. A resident of Liberia, now in this city on business, was on board the Regina Coli several times, and states that the "free emigrants" were natives of Africa, procured in the vicinity of the old slave-mart Gallinas, and were the slaves of chiefs and kings, who *sold* them to the French captain. The government and people of Liberia are said to be very much opposed to the French scheme, and very rigid regulations have been adopted by the former against it within their limits.

"COULDN'T AFFORD IT."—Some months since, on the corner of Nassau and Spruce Streets, a beggar had taken his stand, and day after day asked alms of all who passed. A gentleman, who was engaged in superintending the construction of a new building, thought the beggar looked like an able-bodied man, and went over and asked him if he would not like to work, and offered him a dollar a day. To his surprise the beggar replied—"I couldn't afford to work for that price." "Why not?" was the answer. "Because I average a dollar and a half a day here, begging, and I can't afford to lose the half dollar." He soon after moved from that stand. This is a specimen of street beggars. They can't afford to work.—*New York Post.*

The above anecdote is worthy the attention of all who give promiscuously to street beggars. The profits of begging no doubt very often tend to discredit honest industry, and thus absolutely divert those into mendicancy who have no natural love for the *profession*. Of course if A can make a dollar and a half a day by begging, while B, C and D can only make a dollar each by honest labor, an influence is being constantly exerted to change B, C and D into beggars also.

The remedy for street-begging, by the institution of a House of Employment, is so evident, that it is astonishing that the present system is not put an end to. For the moment that the charitable know that there is a comfortable poor-house for those really deserving of aid, and a House of Employment for those who plead "want of work," they will feel at liberty to refuse all common applications. And the saving to the public would be very great; for we have little doubt that the sum now yearly given in unwise charity in this city would much more than sustain a House of Employment.

THE KIRKPATRICK POISONING CASE.—This case is now under trial in this city. Judge Kelley opened the case for the prosecution, and gave a history of the affair. The defendants are Robert B. Kirkpatrick, his wife Sarah, and Josiah Jones and Elizabeth Yardly, alias Richards, who are charged with conspiracy to poison the family of Edwin Kirkpatrick, by means of a poisoned mince pie. The prosecution alleges that this pie was made by Mrs. R. B. Kirkpatrick, who gave it to Josiah Jones, by whom it was handed to a member of the family of Mr. E. Kirkpatrick. The latter is a member of the firm of Morris, Kirkpatrick & Co., hide and leather dealers, S. W. corner of Third and Vine streets, and is a married man, with two children. R. B. Kirkpatrick is his elder brother. Jones had been in the employ of the Kirkpatricks, and was discharged, as is alleged, on suspicion of incendiarism. We have too high an opinion of the good taste of our readers to think they would like to see the miserable details of such a trial. For our part, we think the jury and judges engaged in this case are greatly to be pitied. Fraternal discord, ending in a charge of poisoning made by one brother against another—that is the gist of the matter. Why should the great body of the public be bored with a detailed report—composed of tiresome repetitions upon repetitions, from the mouths of various and often conflicting witnesses—on account of the folly or the crime of an unhappy family? For ourselves, we can find pleasanter and more instructive reading for this hot weather—and are thankful that we have judges and juries, just as we have street-cleaners, whose business it is to rake aside into proper receptacles the moral filth of the community.

IMPORTANT DENIAL.—The official organ of the Administration, the *Washington Union*, recently contained the following:—

GEN. WILLIAM WALKER.—This mysterious and inevitable individual, who seems to be regarded, by a class of our fellow-citizens, as a kind of special dispensation, and as holding the key to all future progress on the part of the good people of the United States, appeared again, a few days ago, at New Orleans, and gravely told his listeners that "Mr. Buchanan, through his Secretary of War, sent an ambassador to him (Gen. Walker), saying that if he would forego the Nicaragua enterprise and engage in the service of Mexico, and while in that service do some act, such as *tearing down* the flag of Spain, rendering a war between Spain and Mexico inevitable, he (Walker) would receive the support of the Administration."

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to say that the President never authorized the Secretary of War, or any other person, to speak for him to General Walker personally, or through an "ambassador," on the subject referred to; nor has the Secretary of War held any conversation with General Walker, or through any ambassador speaking for or representing the views of the President, or the Administration, as declared in the report of Gen. Walker's speech.

As General Walker has repeatedly made an assertion similar to the above, and we believe heretofore without contradiction, it cannot be wondered at that a great many persons were disposed to credit it. The above authoritative denial, however, would seem to set the matter at rest. Gen. Walker may have been imposed upon by some one who spoke in the name of the Administration without due authority.

A SHARP PREPARING FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Mr. S. Leavitt, box 150, Cincinnati, Ohio, requests the press generally to give gratis insertion to the following card. Though not according to business principles, being in a good humor, we comply:—

CARD.—The undersigned being desirous of compiling a work which will illustrate, in a series of condensed Narratives, the *evil* results of "Modern Spiritualism,"—such as Insanity, Temporary Demoniacal Possession or Obsession, Moral and Religious Deterioration, Neglect of Business and Family, Physical Injury to Individuals, Malicious Destruction of Property, etc., etc., would invite all who have such facts in their possession—whether already in print or not—to forward them to him, whatever their own theories on the subject may be, as nothing but *fact* will be admitted into the book.

It is desirable that each statement should be accompanied by the affidavit—as to its reliability—of two prominent citizens of the place in which the events occurred.

THE CROPS IN KENTUCKY.—A subscriber at Wine Grove, Meade county, Ky., writes as follows:—

The farmers in this section of country are about through with their wheat harvest, and as far as I have heard, the crop will fall short of last year, on account of the smut and scab. I hear of some fields that will not be cut. I have just finished a field of forty acres, and found that it was very much injured by the smut and scab. The oats crop in some places is nearly an entire failure. The corn crop looks fine for the season. Tobacco will be late.

J. C. D.

Some of the London papers seem confident that they have found out Mr. Rarey's secret of Horse-Taming, and assert that it has been practised for a long time by their own tamers. If so, it is a capital joke—especially for Mr. Rarey, who is not at all to blame in the matter. But if Mr. Rarey is not superior to English tamers, why did not some one of the latter tame Cruiser? Certainly the English nobility, who are great connoisseurs in horseflesh, and must have had repeated instances of what their own jockeys could do, are not such fools as to praise and patronize Mr. Rarey simply because he is an American!

Mr. Rarey writes to his nephew from Liverpool, under date of April 23, as we see by the Nashville *Spirit of the South*, as follows:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I wrote you two sheets this morning, but was called away before I had quite finished, and now I have just got through with the day, and got my tea, I will hurry to finish your letter before any one calls. There is no rest for the wicked, and no accomplishment without great labor. I have just had a very hard day, and between the hurrahs, the rush of people, the lecture, the breaking of these very bad horses (one so as to be shod), the excitement, and the perfect volley of all manner of questions, I feel very much like leaning back in my chair and taking a quiet snooze.

They tried to bring some horses to-day to defeat me, but they couldn't come it, and I, as usual, came off victorious, amid the loud cheers of a class of about one hundred scholars.

I wish you could be here just one day to see how enthusiastic the people are. This morning, when I stepped into the school and took off my hat, they set up such a cheering and clapping of hands that made everything ring, so animating me that I was full of eloquence, and addressed them with as much enthusiasm as though I was a second Kossuth. The streets outside of the building were crowded; and when I rode out on the back of a vicious stallion that no man had been able to mount for three years, they too set up a loud hurrah for the great American that they think I am. They don't know that I am nobody but your Uncle Jack, that used to break horses in the little town of Groveport.

Well, the name American sounds well, and I think I would be justifiable in being proud of the name, if I am not of myself. I wouldn't like to be called the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. Nothing carries with it so much music as the name of American, etc.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—Mr. Everett, in a recent speech, said that the only thing he would strike down in this country was "Buncombe." In the same speech, immediately preceding his anti-Buncombe demonstration, he said:—"I have visited every portion of our blessed country, and have found *nothing to condemn*." What is this compliment but an elegant specimen of the great "Buncombe" family? Mr. Everett is either too charitable by half, or else he has never been in Philadelphia. Why only last week eight thousand dollars was absolutely thrown away by some folly or trickery—no one seems to know which—of some city official. And what does Mr. Everett think of the city of New York, with its yearly squandering of *eight millions* of dollars; or of the recent corrupt developments in Wisconsin? We think the New England orator might justly have said, that he had visited no portion of our vast country without finding something to praise as well as to condemn. But to give his countrymen the dose he does, and then wish to annihilate "Buncombe," *is* a good joke. Begin at home, Mr. Everett, begin at home.

NOT A FAILURE.—The Philadelphia expedition to Sebastopol is now said to be a success, not a failure. Letters dated May 24th, say that one vessel of 15 guns had already been raised *whole*, and at no time was over one-fifth the power used. The vessel raised, the Smelya, was not badly worm-eaten, and two shot-holes being stopped, now "floats like a duck." It is thought that the whole fleet will be raised this summer. Success, say we, to the expedition. J. E. Gower, of Boston, is the engineer.

THE ATLANTIC.—It is only fair to the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, to whose ignorance of the "Ilanthus" we referred in our last paper, to mention that it says in the next number to that from which we quoted, when printing certain answers from correspondents upon the subject, that "It did not occur to them that the inquiry could relate to such a very common tree."

New Publications.

WILDFLOWER (R. M. De Witt, New York,) is a much praised novel by the author of "The House of Elmore," etc.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for July (John A. Gray, New York,) commences with this number its fifty-second volume, and announces a host of new contributors.

ST. RONAN'S WELL, by SIR WALTER SCOTT (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) belongs to the household edition of the Waverley Novels, frequently mentioned here as the most complete, portable and beautiful edition ever issued from the press in this country.

OSCEOLA, THE SEMINOLE, by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, (Robert M. De Witt, New York,) is the latest novel of this favorite author, done in his usual vivid and striking style.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Translated from the Greek, on the basis of the common English version. With Notes. American Bible Union, New York, James Challen & Sons, Phila.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for July, Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, and Notes and Queries Concerning the Antiquities, History and Biography of America. July. C. B. Richardson, New York, W. B. Zieber, Phila.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. July. Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Pennsylvania. July. Published by the Institute, Philadelphia.

A LADY'S DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW. Henry Lyon & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

CAUTION TO FARMERS.—The Columbus (Geo.) Inquirer mentions considerable fatality to stock from eating oats affected by the rust. Cattle have been killed by it in Russell county, and a gentleman in Barbour county, Ala., lost several mules turned in upon a field of oats, only a day or two previous.

LETTER FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

A lady correspondent sends us the following:—

MOUNT WASHINGTON, July 1st, 1858.

Dear Mr. Editor:—How I wish I could send one "whiff" of this breeze to you; but then what a panic it would create in an editor's sanctum; certainly if a window or door was open, nothing but the walls would be left, and those would also leave if the foundation was not secure. Only think of the thermometer being at thirty-four to-day, the first of July! It is a fact, however. I, with husband and friend, at this moment am sitting close to a hot stove wrapped in shawls. We left the "Glen House" this morning at eight o'clock—(I rigged in a fancy bloomer costume which I shall value hereafter for the good it has done me to-day)—and in fine spirits commenced to ascend Mount Washington. Many at the "Glen House" thought I would regret having started on foot—but I was not to be frightened from one of my pet fancies, that of walking to the top of said mountain. And glad am I that I persevered. We have had a fine day for it, with the exception of a high wind. The first four miles we walked in two hours, which is considered very good time. There has been a carriage road commenced which makes the first part of the road easier of ascent. The company having failed, the road has come *to an end* for the present, though I hear the last legislature has renewed the charter, and they expect to complete it *sometime*; but when "deponeth saith not." The ascent from the "half-way house" is much more difficult; but then, to repay you, the view grows grandly upon you. One cannot get a view till you climb half way up, for the road is bordered by forest trees which hide all; but after that you realize the distance you have travelled—range upon range of mountains stretch around you. Snow several feet deep is still lying in the ravines. The road is very rough, rocks piled upon rocks indiscriminately. A party on horseback passed us; of course they travelled faster, but we thought we were wisest in being our own guides—walking and resting as best suited us. Most prefer riding on horseback. The keepers of the hotels no doubt give the preference to the riders, as you pay three dollars a horse for the trip. Should you remain over night and go down the other side of the mountain it is three extra dollars. It seems a large price, but when you take into consideration the journey over rocks at the risk of the horses legs, and the number which they keep for ten months, only finding use for two months, it excuses the extravagance of the rate.

The wind blew such a gale coming up the last three miles that you would have been amused to have seen us. Had I had a long skirt and *crinoline* I never could have succeeded in gaining this point. I did not grow weary with my jaunt, although the wind prevented us from travelling as fast as we would otherwise have done. We gained the summit (a distance of seven miles) in four hours and a half from the time of starting.

At one time the wind blew me *plump* against a rock. At another I walked without seeing; it was impossible to use your eyes. Now and then we would get shelter under a rock, collect strength, and enjoy the magnificent views. The "Glen House" seemed a mere speck. There are no garden views, of fields and rivers in the distance, as at "Catskill," but mountains only. There are no trees on the summit, nothing but moss-covered rocks; it is not possible for shrubs to grow.

There are two houses on the summit, each one story high, the roofs fastened by iron rods. We are made very comfortable. Our agreeable landlords, Messrs. Hall & Spalding, do everything to add to our convenience.

A party of seven have gone down since our arrival. We are the only ones here. We intend to stay all night, and go down on the other side in the morning. Our baggage having been sent around by stage.

One thing I wish to impress upon your lady readers when they anticipate climbing mountains—to provide themselves with a "bloomer dress," good hat and thick boots. Then they will enjoy what would otherwise prove a troublesome tramp. Thick clothing is absolutely necessary to comfort, particularly when the thermometer is twenty-six, as it was here this morning. I have seen ice an inch thick made last night. My hand is somewhat stiff with the cold, so I will stop writing and work about a little to warm myself. It seems odd to be sitting bundled in shawls by a hot stove, and see the breath floating from your mouth, at this season of the year.

The first time you can steal from your editorial chair I wish you would make this trip; it will repay you a thousand times for any difficulty you may have to overcome to reach the summit of Mount Washington.

The sun is setting behind the "Green Mountains" at just eight o'clock. From the summit we see the Connecticut river plainly. The sunset is glorious—would that you could enjoy all this beauty with us.

Yours, sincerely, A———.

FOREIGN ADVENTURES AND AMERICAN GIRLS.—One of the most vexatious troubles among the wealthy families of the United States, is the attachments which their daughters form for unprincipled foreign adventurers, who come over here for the very purpose of bettering their fortunes or gratifying their love of social intrigue, by making the acquaintance of romantic young ladies connected with wealthy families. At the present time several distinguished citizens are chasing some of these whiskered adventurers who have run off with spoiled and silly girls.

It is but a few days since one of these fellows, an escaped convict, turned the heads of half the girls in Newark, N. J. A short time since, a creole barber, of very dark complexion, flourished through the southern cities, under the title of Don Carlos de Castro, a political exile from his immense plantations in Cuba, and caused a hundred susceptible young girls to languish for his love. Mr. Blount, a distinguished lawyer of Mobile, is now in chase of a whiskered Frenchman, a bogus count, claiming to be an officer of the Zouaves, of Crimean celebrity, who has run off from Mobile, leaving his landlord and tailor unpaid, and taking with him Mr. Blount's wife and daughter, the mother having become quite as infatuated with the profligate adventurer as her daughter, and gone off to see them married. This fellow flourished in New York as Captain Henri Arnaud de Riviere, until he had destroyed the peace of several families and was exposed as an imposter, after which he went South to play off his impudence.—*Exchange.*

THE CROPS.

CROPS IN NEW YORK.—The Madison (N. Y.) Observer is of opinion that crops of all kinds are looking finely and promise an abundant harvest. Grass is so far advanced that farmers may safely calculate upon a large hay crop and early haying, and should we escape a drought, we may reasonably look for full granaries and cellars next fall. Fruit trees have been almost universally attacked by worms, and it is difficult to calculate the effect upon the fruit crop. The Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal says that the papers in Monroe, Genesee, Yates, &c., are beginning to talk about the weevil; and, probably, with reason. The prolific "Genesee county"—once as celebrated for the excellence as for the abundance of its wheat crop—is gradually losing its prestige. But this soil will never cease to be prolific, even though, for a time, the weevil should render its wheat crops equivocal and uncertain. On the same subject the Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser states that the weevil is ravaging the wheat fields along the lake shore, and in many instances, it is said, the crop will not be worth reaping. We trust that the reports are exaggerated.

CROPS IN CANADA.—The Ottowa (C. W.) Gazette speaks in glowing terms of the crops in that region. It says the wheat is in splendid condition, and the same may be said of grass; potatoes also look well, and Indian corn, where on high land, is said to be a fair crop, but is damaged in low places by the late heavy rains, which are always particularly injurious to that staple article of Canadian growth.

The St. Catharine's (C. W.) Journal says:—The wheat fly has already made its appearance on some farms near the 15 mile Creek. The wheat is now just sufficiently advanced to be easily perforated by these scourges—being in what is technically termed the "milky state"—and we anticipate, should not some event occur to kill or prevent the flies from operating, that what had promised to be more than an average crop will result in a very poor harvest. The Niagara (C. W.) Mail states that the midge has appeared in that neighborhood, and is committing great depredations. All other crops look well, and promise a large yield. Haying is commenced in this neighborhood, and is more than an average crop, indeed it lies so heavy on the ground that many entertain the opinion that if the crop is properly secured—taken with the large balance remaining over of last year's crop—we shall have more hay in the country than it will be possible to consume.

The Toledo Blade of July 6, gives the following conclusions, arrived at after examining all the statements within reach:

"In Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Kansas, the wheat crop is probably fully up to an average—in some places far beyond that.

"From Indiana the reports, especially from the Wabash Valley, are somewhat contradictory. Some parties represent the prospect as indicating the largest yield of wheat ever known there, while others say that the crop is almost an entire failure. But in regard to the high lands, especially those upon and near the river, all accounts agree that the prospects are for an abundant harvest. What we have said about the wheat will apply pretty generally to the corn crop.

"With the encouragement drawn from the various reports, and the advantage of the present warm, growing weather, we cannot but reiterate the opinion that we have heretofore expressed, that the prospect is good for at least an average crop throughout the country."

The Baltimore Patriot thinks the Maryland crop a full average one, the harvest weather being very favorable.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI.—Cairo is nearly dry land again, and will soon be free from water.—There are legions of mosquitoes since the flood. There is a quarrel between the Illinois Central Railroad Company and the town, as to who must repair the damages and maintain the site of the town. A late letter says:

The damage has been greater than was at first supposed, and the houses will need a great deal of repairing. The mud is about an inch deep on all the floors, and of a very slimy character and disgusting smell. There is considerable sickness in town. The weather is still very hot, and the sky was perfectly clear last night. If a boy of ten years old should attempt to count the mosquitoes now in Cairo, he would reach three-score-and-ten before he had enumerated a quarter of them. The high water has left a very visible mark on all the houses. The water in town is almost too low to admit of the use of skiffs, and entirely too high for wading; consequently, those who live in town are nearly isolated.

The track of the Illinois Central Railroad is being repaired as rapidly as possible, but it will be a month before the trains will be able to run into Cairo. The grade is broken and washed away in several places, from 100 to 300 feet in length, and trestle work will have to be put in.

The river had fallen last week one inch at Natchez, and was rising slowly at Vicksburg. At Napoleon it had fallen in all six inches, and at Memphis it had fallen an inch since the last rise. Arkansas and White Rivers were both down very low, and there is no rise reported in any of the lower rivers. Between Memphis and Helena the river was higher than it has been known this season, and was still rising. At Memphis, it was three inches higher than it had been during the season. Helena, as previously reported, has been submerged, and is all under water, the channel depth being about three feet.—The water is hardly twenty feet from the levee there.

MORE FILIBUSTERING.—We have intelligence, both from public and private sources, that Walker and his friends are preparing another expedition, on an efficient basis, for the conquest of Nicaragua. An expedition, it is believed, is to start from Mobile, and another from California. The dull times favor the enterprise, in some respects, but retard it in others. To procure money will be more difficult than to obtain men. It would appear according to Southern journals, that, in two States, Alabama and Mississippi, the filibuster spirit rages to a greater extent than ever. The United States naval force, which is now or soon will be, in the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribbean Sea, is under orders to arrest and turn back all such illegal expeditions, though it is not probable that they will again follow the filibusters upon the shore. There is reason, however, to think that the British and French naval forces will do it, and that thus any new attempt by Walker or others to seize upon the Isthmus will be frustrated.

THE INDIANS.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with the approbation of the Secretary of the Interior, has taken prompt measures with a view to preventing further Indian depredations in the Sioux Agency. Recently a special agent, Mr. K. Pritchette, was despatched to the scenes of the disturbances, and full instructions were sent to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Paul. The claims of the Indians against the Government are to be satisfied, presents distributed, and other measures initiated to promote their domestic comfort. The Indian Bureau long ago anticipated difficulties in that quarter, but was unable effectually to act in the premises until Congress, at the late session, made an appropriation, in accordance with its urgent recommendation, to satisfy the treaty and other demands of these disaffected savages.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 292—Adults 99, and children 193.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ROASTING ALIVE—A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE—FREAKS OF THE LIGHTNING—MAGNANIMITY OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE YARDSTICK—AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY—STATE OF ITALY.

Paris, June 17, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The compulsory endurance of a temperature of 92 and 95 degs. (Fahrenheit) in the shade, day after day without intermission, and growing sometimes still warmer at night, is found by the Parisians to be anything but agreeable. An immense number of those who can afford it, are already off to the country, as stated in my last; and yet the crowds of gay equipages with their shining harness and still more brilliant "Mercuries," that roll every evening through the Bois de Boulogne, would almost seem to affirm the contrary. Night is really now turned into day. People turn out about eight o'clock in the evening, for visits, shopping, &c., as though it were noon; and the streets are crowded with promenaders and carriages until long after midnight. The omnibusses, too, are so crammed with passengers at a time when the poor horses ought to be in their stables, and the drivers in their beds, that one wonders how draw-flesh or whip-flesh can stand such an additional wear and tear. The Champs Elysées present, from nine o'clock until midnight, something of the magic spectacle presented by that beautiful promenade during the Exhibition of 1855; and it may be doubted whether any city can show a more brilliant and striking scene than that to be witnessed from the Place de la Concorde every evening at those hours.—Imagine the vast square itself, bordered with palaces and backed by the bronzy blackness of the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, surrounded by brilliant lines of lamps, and full of statues and fountains, and spreading outwards and upwards from the spectator, and the long chains of gas-lights that border the dim perspective of the Champs Elysées, whose entire width shows like one long river of fire-flies, from the lights of the carriages that fill it from one end to the other! The effect of this broad, interminable stream of glancing sparks, seen through the soft brownness of a summer night, with the groves on either hand also glancing with lights, and the crescent moon just sinking in the west, with the rush of vehicles filled with elegantly-dressed women, (almost as lightly arrayed as though going to a ball!) the white foam and musical plash of the fountains, and the crossings of the motley crowds on the pavements, is hardly to be conveyed in words.

The almost unprecedented heat we have had for nearly three weeks, and the fact that every day is hotter than the last, reminds one of the odd prediction duly reported in one of my last year's letters, and purporting to be communicated by the spirit of Fourier to a select "spiritual circle" of this city. Your readers may remember that we were thereby promised such a roasting as our region of the earth has not known since those happy periods when tropical vegetation flourished at the Poles; and were informed that the splendid consequences of this exceptional bestowal of heat would be cheaply purchased by the calcination of a few Esquimaux, who would be reduced to cinders by the visitation. Should the heat go on mounting, as it is now doing, until July and August, we shall almost begin to think the whimsical statement more truthful than such "communications" are apt to be, and that the "invisibles" were not, on that occasion, quite so green as they usually appear to be, but had merely made a mistake of a twelvemonth in the date of their prophecy! Meantime wax is growing soft as it lies in a drawer, and the Post-Office authorities are again entreating an obstinate public not to risk the sticking together of masses of epistles consequent on the use of sealing-wax, and thanks to which imprudent method of closing letters, many hundreds are lost, the address of one adhering to the seal of its next neighbor, and so on, with a pertinacity that baffles all attempts at getting them apart without tearing and obliteration.

Partial thunder storms have occurred over France, but without any sensible diminution of the heat. One of the most magnificent phenomena conceivable occurred at the ancient town of Avranches a few days ago, the immense mass of electrical cloud passing over that city at a height of scarce 1,000 feet, and the innumerable lightning-rods of steeples and private houses being each crowned with a lambent electrical flame during nearly an hour. The journals of the old place—which appears to be remarkably well-provided with these invaluable conductors—are all in raptures over the occurrence, which they declare to have been unspeakably beautiful and sublime. But the mysterious fluid that bestowed so rare a spectacle on the good people of Avranches, as though to afford another illustration of the shortness of the "step" between the sublime and the ridiculous, struck the chimney of a farm-house outside the city, and sent down such a mass of stone and brick into the kitchen below, where a servant-girl was in the act of skimming a pot of soup over the fire, that the poor thing, terrified out of her five wits by the clatter and uproar, and by the splashing of the boiling soup which dashed over her out of the pot, fainted away in front of her fire, and is reported as having been dangerously ill ever since.

The conflagration of a great "novelty-shop" mentioned in my last has only just been got under. Enormous masses of rubbish are still being carted away from the spot; and many articles of value have been found in a strange state of dilapidation; a watch, among other things, belonging to one of the clerks of the establishment, the face of which is still uninjured, while the works and the case have been melted into a rough mass. The house was insured; but the clerks have lost a great deal; and the clerks of the principal linendrapers and haberdashers of the city have opened subscriptions among themselves for the benefit of their unfortunate brethren of the "Grand Condé."

M. de Pène, whose duel with certain officers, consequent on an article of his in a satirical journal here, was mentioned in a late letter, is better; and it is hoped he may ultimately recover, though his recovery must be a slow and precarious one. The legal proceedings in this melancholy affair have shown that De Pène's articles were more offensive than they had been thought to be by those who had not taken the trouble to read them; also that the second thrust of his adversary's sword was given in ignorance of the fact that De Pène was already wounded by the previous thrust. But these facts offer no extenuation of the insistance of the second challenger, who, furious at De Pène's refusing to fight him until a subsequent day, struck him on the face, and dared him to leave the ground without answering that insult. The court has declared itself incompetent to pronounce a verdict, the onsigns being amenable in this case only to a court-martial, before whom the affair will shortly come up for investigation.

The Academy of Lyons has just offered a prize of $240 for the best treatise on a subject of very great practical importance, whose aim is defined in the following terms:

"To study and seek out, especially from the moral point of view, and to indicate for the attention of the Government and the administration, the heads of industrial firms, and private individuals, the most practical measures; 1st. For raising the salary of women to an equality with that of men, wherever the services rendered, or the amount of labor performed be the same on the part of the two sexes; 2nd. For opening new careers for women, and procuring for them branches of labor that may indemnify them for those which are being taken out of their hands by the competition of men, and the transformation of social and industrial usages."

M. Arles Dufour, the reporter of the Committee by whom this question has been placed on the order of the day, states that the investigations of his colleagues have ascertained that, as teachers, schoolmistresses, directresses of Infant Schools, cashiers, and book-keepers, post-mistresses, shop-women, char-women, domestic servants, seamstresses, and work-women in every department of industry, women receive but one-half the wages accorded to men for the very same work. "It would even seem," remarks M. Arles Dufour, "that the rapid developments of civilization, 'so far from ameliorating this sad condition of female labor,' do really aggravate it by excluding women more and more for the exercise of functions, and from branches of labor, formerly reserved to them. From this inferiority, and increasing precariousness of the position of women, so contrary to justice and to the dignity of the human race, result a host of physical evils and of moral disorders which are becoming daily more and more manifest, and which are especially and increasingly distressing in all great industrial centres, like that of Lyons." The Committee express their amazement that "notwithstanding the progress of civilization, and of social refinement, men do not scruple in our day, to treat women as though they were naturally inferior to men, and to pay their services and their labor in proportion to this assumed inferiority;" a state of things, which is, say they, "in complete opposition to the principle of the equality of the sexes proclaimed during the last eighteen hundred years by Christianity." Undoubtedly many considerations must be taken into account in arriving at a practical elucidation of this important inquiry; the depreciation caused in the labor-market by the increased number of laborers furnished by the female sex, on the one hand, and the vital importance of the feminine action in the spheres of the household and of the family on the other, being the most difficult elements of the problem in question. But though many serious difficulties beset its solution, the absolute necessity of working laid on so large a proportion of the women of the present day, and the incalculable evils arising out of the fact that the labor of women is so ill-paid that the earning of an honest living is too often a simple impossibility for them, are sufficient pledges that these difficulties will be overcome. And when we remember that Plato affirms that "a good political constitution will never reckon artisans among citizens;" that Cicero emphatically denies the possibility of a working-man raising himself to the perception of true wisdom; and that Aristotle says of those who addict themselves to agriculture, that "they necessarily lead a degraded existance in which virtue has no part;" we may venture to hope that the *dicta* which assert that women will never be able to compete in fair terms with the labor of the other sex, and thus condemn both sexes, and coming generations as well as the present one, to the greatest physical, moral, and social curses, will prove to be as superficial, erroneous and transitory as the judgment of antiquity on the subject of labor in general.

M. de la Varenne, a well-known royalist, has just published a work entitled "*The Austrians and Italy*," in which he examines the condition of that noble and unfortunate peninsula, not from the point of view of those extreme parties whose exaggerations of theory and of action have done so much mischief to the cause of practical reform, but from that of a warm upholder of Constitutional Monarchy as the most advantageous form of government. In two chapters of his work, M. de la Varenne traces the history of the Austrian occupation of Italy, and after showing that the claim formerly put forth by Austria to be the heiress of the Roman Empire, was both unsound in itself, and was moreover overthrown by Napoleon in 1806, goes on to prove that the Austrian sway in Lombardy is based on three usurpations consummated by force; the first, at the expense of the House of Valois, heirs of the Visconti according to feudal law; the second of that of the branch of Bourbon-Anjou, called, in 1702, by the testament of Charles II. to the throne of Spain and its dependencies; the third, over the Italians themselves, restored to their own political autonomy by the fall of the French Empire, in 1815. As for its rights over the territory of the Republic of Venice, he shows that Austria received them, in the first place, from the hands of General Buonaparte, and secondly, regained them through her own cunning and audacity, when, under the mask of liberalism, she contrived, on the defeat of Napoleon, to insinuate her forces into the heart of the Queen of the Adriatic, which General Buonaparte had delivered up to her in 1797, and which the Emperor Napoleon had taken from her in 1806. After examining the means by which Austria has contrived to establish her hold on Lombardy, M. de la Varenne passes in review the administration of Austria in that country, holding up to view the cruelties and injustice which keep this portion of Europe in the state of ferment that threatens the peace of all the rest of it. He shows by abundant citations from history and from the writings of both Italians and Austrians, that Lombardy has no regular government, no laws, and is treated in all respects as a conquered country. A viceroy, who can do nothing without the permission of the Aulic Council of Vienna; two governors under the thumb of the viceroy; prefects who are chosen by the Austrian Government, and are the humble executioners of the orders of the military power; and a few local councils deliberating under the strict oversight of the prefects; such is the civil Government of Lombardy. As for the jurisprudence of the country, it is sufficient to state that the judges are all Germans, Hungarians, Croats or Illyrians, sent thither from Vienna to dispense the semi-barbarous code of Austria Proper, one of whose provisions is conceived in the following terms: "The defence of the innocent being one of the duties of the judge, a prisoner can neither demand an advocate or a counsellor, nor the communication of the indictments on which he is to be tried."

Austria being the only country in Europe in which a prisoner is forbidden the employment of counsel, it is not strange that corporeal punishment should still be in vogue in her dominions; and another clause of the Austrian code provides that "As many as fifty blows with a stick may be administered at the same time. Women and minors shall be whipped with rods, in cases in which the bastonnade is prescribed by law." (Penal Code, Art. 20.)

That this article is anything but a dead letter is abundantly proved by the police reports of the Gazette de Milan; a single number of that official sheet (of August 24, 1849), contains a list of twenty persons condemned, in one day, to receive the bastonnade for having, in the words of the journal, "excited the citizens to abstain from taking part in the public rejoicings destined to celebrate the anniversary of the Emperor's birthday." In this list of twenty names are the following:—

"16th. Ernesti Galli, of Cremona, singer, aged twenty years, to forty strokes;

"17th. Maria Conti, of Florence, singer, aged eighteen years, to thirty strokes."

The article 377, of the Penal Code, requires that in all affairs concerning the State, under penalty of complicity, the wife is held to denounce her husband, the brother his brother, the son his father, and so on between all members of the family.

All political affairs are tried by courts-martial, composed of officers usually ignorant of Italian; and the prisoner on trial is required to answer in German, of which he is usually equally ignorant. The work of interpreting devolves on one of the judges. Deprived of counsel for his defence, the accused is often condemned without even knowing what are the charges on which he is tried; he knows only that he is sentenced to be hung, and that he has half-an-hour in which to prepare for execution.

The fiscal administration of Lombardy is as deplorable as its civil and criminal jurisprudence. Taxes and subsidies are imposed in a lump, and the people are often compelled to pay them twice over. Radetzky ordered the payment of 20,315,000 francs by the aristocracy of Lombardy; and all the lieutenants of the conquering General imitated his example. M. de Varenne computes at one hundred and forty millions the sums thus squeezed out of the Lombard population in 1849; "an amount," he remarks, "which includes only the sums entered regularly in the books of the administration; it being impossible to calculate, for want of documents, the amounts raised by private and illegal rapine on the part of the servants of the government. One fact," he adds, "is certain, viz.: that, two years afterwards, when tranquillity was perfectly restored, and the government wished to make up its accounts, it was found impossible to account for a sum of fifty millions, represented by treasury bonds, issued by Radetzky and the officers of his staff. The government did not dare go farther than to ask an explanation from Radetzky, who replied very coolly that he had signed a quantity of papers without reading them, as he was accustomed to leave such matters in the hands of his officers; and that he should advise nothing farther being said about the matter," a piece of advice which the government thought it best to act upon. M. de Varenne elsewhere mentions an Austrian General, who occupied an important post in Italy, and who left, at his death, a fortune of twelve millions, though his fortune amounted ostensibly to only twenty thousand francs a year.

As to the horrors inflicted on Hungary by the savage Haynau, they are too fresh in the memory of the present generation to need to be recalled, in estimating the quality of the action of Austria in regard to the various elements of her heterogeneous dominion; and it is impossible to read the careful and painstaking statement of facts prepared by this warm partizan of enlightened monarchical rule and constitutional progress, without a deepening of the conviction, so general among those who have reflected on the subject, that Austrian usurpations are the main obstacle to the accomplishment of those domestic reforms which alone can guarantee the tranquillity of Europe.

QUANTUM.

A WIND WELL.—The Brandon (Mississippi) Republican mentions a curious well discovered in Smith county, about a month ago. A Mr. Baugh was boring for water in the Pinney woods, and when he had bored about forty feet "a mighty rushing wind" came out of the hole, which continued for several days. He quitted boring and waited to see what would come of it. He placed a bottle over the hole, and the wind makes a noise in it which can be heard a mile. It "blows" about a week at a time, and then it begins to "suck in," which continues for about the same time, and then blows again. So far no diminution of its force has been discovered. It has attracted many persons to see it, and as yet none can tell "whence the wind cometh or whither it goeth."

In the Island of Rhodes, according to recent letters, all the crops were perishing from drought. Murrain had broken out amongst the cattle, and extensive depredations were committed by birds of passage. The Governor of the Island had formed a corps of one hundred and fifty practised marksmen to kill the birds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SECOND READING OF THE INDIA BILL—DEBATES IN PARLIAMENT—"FREE EMIGRATION"—WHAT THE FRENCH THINK, ETC.

The Derby Ministry was obtaining large majorities during the progress of the new India bill, which has been passed on second reading. One of the amendments for the reduction of the number of the Council was proposed by Lord Palmerston, but it was rejected by 62 majority.

Later advices from India and China had been received, but the intelligence embraces no events of importance.

The accounts from India were unfavorable for the British—their numbers being too few, the weather hot, and disease prevailing.

A fire has occurred at Dantzic, destroying fifty-five houses and warehouses, and causing a loss of a million thalers.

A letter from Beyrout, Syria, mentions outrages by the priests upon an American missionary named Dodd. The American Consul at Beyrout was seeking redress.

Shocks of earthquakes continued at Naples, and tremendous hurricanes had occurred, and at Sala fifty houses had been demolished and many people killed. Several villages had been destroyed by the deluge of rain.

The returns of the British Board of Trade for May show a falling off of upward of £1,000,000, as compared with the same month last year. There had, however, been a large increase of imports of all kinds of breadstuffs.

The pestilential condition of the river Thames was the prominent topic of conversation in London. The new Houses of Parliament were so much affected by the nuisance as to seriously impair the health of the members. The subject had been debated in both Houses.

On the 25th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Carnarvon stated in reply to a question from the Bishop of Oxford, that government was considering a measure to prevent abuses in the exportation of coolies.

The Lord Mayor of London has given another banquet to foreign ministers, and a distinguished company was present, including Mr. Dallas, the American Minister. In the absence of Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor made a political speech. In the course of his remarks, he thus alluded to the American difficulties:

"I may, perhaps, advert to the circumstances which have cast a transient cloud—but a light one, I hope, upon the relations which exist between us and our transatlantic kinsmen. United as we are by ties of common descent, common language, similar laws and free institutions, any misunderstanding between us is a matter deeply to be deplored. The United States have evinced their identity of race with us by the sensitive jealousy which they have exhibited in favor of their national rights, but I trust that the representations which have been made by my excellent friend, the Minister from the United States, and the mode in which they have been met by Lord Malmesbury, will very soon restore those feelings of complete amity which have been suffered by this trifling difference."

The new Minister of the Interior in France is adopting a more liberal course towards the press. The suspension of the permission of the Independance to enter France is to be withdrawn on the 20th inst., and at the same time will be brushed away the vexatious prohibition of the sale of the Siecle and the Presse on the Boulevards.

The trial of Truelove, the bookseller, for a libel on the Emperor of the French, took place on the 22nd ultimo, before Lord Campbell and a special Jury. The case excited very little interest. The defendant having authorized his counsel to declare that he never intended to encourage assassination, and that the publication in which it was alleged the doctrine of tyrannicide was justified had ceased, the Attorney-General consented, on the part of the Crown, to a verdict of "Not Guilty." A similar course was taken in the case of the Polish bookseller for a similar offence, and the proceedings terminated.

New rye was exposed for sale in the Paris corn market on the 23d. It came from Picardy and Beauce, and was of a good average quality, but rather small in size. This is about a fortnight in advance of ordinary years. The rye harvest has commenced in the immediate vicinity of Paris.

The Italian journals express great displeasure at the French Government having just caused the "Descent from the Cross" to be removed from Rome for Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the Times states that Prince Napoleon, instead of going out as ruler of Algeria with the state of a Sovereign, will remain at home as Minister of Algeria and the Colonies, with the right of presiding at the Cabinet Council in the absence of the Emperor.

The University of Charkow, Russia, is at present closed, on account of the following incident:—Two students having been unjustly treated by one of the university authorities, appealed to the authorities for satisfaction, which was not granted them. The entire body of students, numbering 280, thereupon left the university. The question will have to be solved at St. Petersburg.

The Journal de Constantinople publishes a declaration from the Turkish Commissioners at Candia, agreeing to all the demands of the insurgents, promising that the offending functionaries should be punished, and declaring that no new taxes should be imposed. Permission was also accorded to the Christians to possess arms, as being equal to the Mussulmen. The Mussulmen population to the island was in great agitation in consequence of these concessions.

In the case of the French "free-labor" ship Regina Cœli, it seems that the "free emigrants" were *manacled*. It appeared that the vessel was not taken possession of by the British steamer Ethiope from any sympathy with the negroes on board, but from a feeling that the crew had been murdered, and that the emigrants on board were pirates. The only difficulty that had arisen had been whether the French captain, who was on shore when the emigrants rose on the rest of the crew, and who had all along declined to assent to the capture of the vessel by the Ethiope, was liable to pay salvage. He had distinctly refused, and in the end two French men-of-war removed the vessel from the Liberian waters, where the dispute arose.

Mr. Bright, in the Commons, had made a lengthy speech on Indian affairs in general, and stated that, although he considered the bill failed in one or two points, he would not oppose the second reading. He thought that the Governor-Generalship should be abolished, the position of that officer being too high and his power too great; and that India should be divided into five or six presidencies, with presidents of equal rank, each division being entirely independent of the others. He urged that India should be governed for Indian interests, and recommended government, the moment the bill passed, to issue a proclamation offering a general amnesty as the first act done by the Queen as the sovereign of India. Mr. Bright made sundry other propositions, and concluded his speech amid loud cheers.

The resolution of the United States Congress, in consequence of which Professor Alexander was sent to England to procure an assimilation of the coinage of the two countries, had been moved for in the House of Commons by Lord Ebrington. Professor Alexander was to explain his views on the subject before the London Society of Arts on the evening before the Africa's departure.

NICARAGUA AND M. BELLY.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times, in some further comments upon the convention lately signed between the Costa Rica and Nicaraguan States and M. Felix Belly, on behalf of Milland & Co., of Paris, affirms that so far as M. Belly was concerned, he was not the official or unofficial agent of the French government, but simply the representative of the commercial house of Milland & Co.

The writer is also assured that there is no understanding between Milland & Co. and the French government on the subject of the concession; and further, that the whole project will be abandoned unless the full co-operation of the American and English capitalists is secured, and the neutrality of the canal guaranteed by France, England, and the United States.

The discussion in the English Parliament, and particularly the remarks of Lord Malmesbury on the French scheme of introducing free negro laborers into her colonies, were producing considerable indignation in France.

The correspondent of the London Globe says a rumor was afloat that British diplomacy, having exercised some pressure at Madrid as to measures of slave-trade repression around the coast of Cuba, Spain has applied to France for support against any compulsory proceedings on the part of British cruisers, and had met with encouragement in that quarter.

The Neapolitan government had made another reduction in the duty on sugar imported in foreign vessels.

Considerable injury had been inflicted on Hong Kong by a water-spout.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ANGLO-AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—The Paris Constitutionnel, in an article on the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain, observes that the present difficulties have given rise to a remark which never before so forcibly struck public opinion, which is, that whenever any difference arises between these two powers, one gives proof of the most perfect moderation, and a condescension which is not habitual to it, while the other, on the contrary, affects a susceptibility, and becomes exacting to a degree not justified by success.

The Constitutionnel explains this fact by showing that although the United States have developed their strength, and are increasing, in a proportion hitherto unknown, the extent of their territory, the British nation is by no means intimidated, nor does she fear their army or their fleet. The length of time the government of the United States has been reducing the Mormons to submission is not calculated to give a grand idea of its military strength. The American navy, which appears large on paper, because the steamboats which convey passengers on the lakes and rivers are included in the effective force; but in case of war Great Britain would have an immense superiority. The English government is conciliatory because the United States supply the English manufacturers with cotton, which article provides employment for so large a portion of the English people.

But, says the Constitutionnel, if the English people have need to purchase cotton, the Americans will feel an equal necessity to find purchasers. So that, although the English government is ever ready to make sacrifices for the maintenance of peace, the American people would suffer most by a war between the two countries. War would not deprive England of cotton, for the American planters would send their produce to Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and all the northern ports. They would send their cotton into English ports in neutral ports, and the Americans would draw their spun cotton from England by a similar conveyance. The only inconvenience to England would be that the intervention of a third party between the buyer and seller would increase the price of the cotton to the English manufacturer, and the Americans would probably try every expedient, and might finally succeed, in manufacturing the raw material at home. The Constitutionnel concludes thus:

"The manufacture of cotton is for England the occupation and life of 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 inhabitants. It feeds entire provinces. During the late crisis on that side of the channel, thousands of operatives were supported by public charity. What, then, would be the consequence, when those cotton manufacturers who work five days out of six to clothe foreigners, should lose that market? Who can tell what might happen? It is then that England might see a terrible revolution break out at home. The cotton question would be converted into a social question. It is the sentiment on that situation which renders England so prudent and so moderate with regard to the United States, and which, on the other hand, inspires the United States with an assurance which, in case of necessity, she might carry to a degree of temerity."

COMMERCIAL.—*Liverpool, June 25.*—Cotton—The Brokers' Circular reports that the market was depressed by the American advices early in the week; but subsequently, under the influence of an improved business in Manchester, and the firmness of holders, confidence was regained, and sellers obtained a slight advantage.

At Manchester there has been a slight improvement in business and prices are steady. Spinners ask but do not obtain an advance.

Breadstuffs—The weather continued fine and forcing for the crops, and the market was quite inanimate.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report Flour neglected and nominal.

Corn—No inquiry, and prices easier; Yellow, 34s 6d; White, 33s.

Provisions—Beef dull; sales merely for retail. Pork—Firmer for Irish; no assortment of American offering. Bacon without demand, although holders offer concessions. Cheese very dull. Lard slow of sale at 54s@54s 6d for fine. Tallow dull, and nominal at 53s for Butchers' Association.

Produce—The Brokers' Circular reports. Ashes very dull, and the trifling sales made are in favor of buyers. Sugars very quiet, and to effect sales on a larger scale lower prices would be requisite. Molasses firm at full prices.

Coffee quiet. Rice has been active, but closes quiet with prices barely maintained; small sales of Carolina at 19@20s. Tea opened active, but the demand subsequently fell off. Prices unchanged. Nothing doing in Seal or Cod Oils. Linseed dull and unchanged. Spirits Turpentine nominally 46s @48s on the spot; sales to arrive at 42s.

LONDON MARKETS.—Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. report: Broadstuffs steady at former rates. Iron quiet at £6 for both bars and rails. Scotch pig 53s@53s 6d. Sugar quiet and unchanged. Coffee—A fair business at rather weaker prices. Rice very dull.

The London Times of the 25th, says of the market of the previous day: "In American securities Illinois Central were in demand at the late reduction, and rallied $2. New York Central were also firmer.

NATIONAL ARMORIES.—An impression exists in many parts of the country, that Congress, at its late session, made provision for the construction of additional armories, under the direction of the War Department. Mr. Secretary Floyd is fairly deluged with letters recommending proper sites, of which there are doubtless many very desirable ones; but it appears that no action by the late Congress was taken on the subject, and the Secretary is therefore without any additional authority. It will be time to consider the fitness of places when the department shall be authorized to make selections from them.—*Washington Union.*

THE RESULT OF AN ELOPEMENT.—The New Haven Register of the 1st inst. says: The poor woman who abandoned her home and family in Hartford, a few days since, in company with a brakeman, attempted to poison herself in this city yesterday by taking arsenic. We understand that the fellow who seduced her from the path of rectitude left her unprovided for, and, in a paroxysm of grief and disappointment, she resolved to end at once her misery and shame by death; but an over-dose of the poison prevented its effect, and we believe she is now at the hospital under medical treatment. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—The War Department is in receipt of dispatches from General Johnston, dated 7th of June. They contain nothing of special interest. The army is in good condition. According to the copies of official orders, the troops were forthwith to march, in three divisions, on as many consecutive days, to Salt Lake Valley, in compliance with the instructions of Government.

RESTORATION OF PERSONS APPARENTLY DROWNED.

A large number of cases of drowning have recently occurred in this vicinity. In several instances the bodies have been recovered very soon after the accident, and yet we have not heard of a single case of restoration. To the end that some good may be accomplished in this way, we deem it best to publish the instructions of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, for the restoration of persons apparently drowned:

1. Treat the patient instantly, on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest to the breeze, except in severe weather.

2. *To Clear the Throat*—Place the patient gently on the face, with one wrist under the forehead; all finids, and the tongue itself, then fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. If there be breathing, wait and watch; if not, or if it fails

3. *To Excite Respiration*—Turn the patient well and instantly on his side, and excite the nostrils with snuff, or the throat with a feather, etc., and dash cold water on the face, previously rubbed warm. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly

4. *To Initate Respiration*—Replace the patient on his face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, alternately repeating these measures deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly, fifteen times in the minute, occasionally varying the side. (When the patient reposes on the chest, this cavity is compressed by the weight of the body, and expiration takes place; when he is turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and inspiration occurs.) When the prone position is resumed, make equable, but efficient, pressure, with brisk movement, along the back of the chest, removing it immediately before rotation on the side. The first measure augments the expiration, the second commences inspiration. The result is respiration, and, if not too late, life.

5. *To Induce Circulation and Warmth*—Meantime, rub the limbs upwards, with firm, grasping pressure, and with energy, using handkerchief, etc. By this measure, the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart. Let the limbs be thus warmed and dried and then clothed, the bystanders supplying the requisite garments. Avoid the continuous warm bath, and the position on or inclined to the back. This treatment is to be persevered in for three or four hours, as it is the erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable, because life does not soon make its appearance. Cases have come under the notice of the Royal Humane Society of successful result even after five hours.

NEWS ITEMS.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S remains arrived at Richmond, Virginia, on Monday of last week, and were received by a procession of soldiers and citizens, the Governor, Mayor, &c., and taken to Hollywood Cemetery, where they were re-interred. A grand dirge was performed and Gov. Wise delivered an address.

A BIBLE EXPOUNDER.—Among the numerous copies of the Bible in the American Bible Society's Library, is the one used by the preachers of an African church in New York, which presents a very dilapidated appearance. It is literally worn to shreds by the blows which those fervid and sable divines have invested on its covers. The cause of this phenomenon is wittily chronicled in the following language, which is inscribed on the title page:—"This is the Bible from which the pure Word was literally expounded by our colored brethren in ——— Street."

HOG CHOLERA.—*White Sulphur, Scott County, Kentucky, June 28.*—The hog Cholera is prevailing through this region with great fatality. Almost every one has lost more or less of his hogs. There appears to be no accounting for this singular disease, and all remedies fail. Cannot some of our experienced agriculturists devise the means whereby this great scourge may be removed from the land.

WE have a new phase of "Kansas," in a letter written by a prominent and active free State man, Mr. Thomas Ewing, Jr., son of ex-Senator Ewing. He says:—"The people of Kansas are poor, in debt, struggling to open their farms and make homes for their families, and have neither the numbers nor the wealth to bear the burden of a State government; and they will not hasten to assume that burden, or to beleaguer the doors of Congress for admission."

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.—Mr. Wm Evans, now a resident of Boston, Massachusetts, has recently made a donation to the town of Smithfield, in that State, of $10,000, as a grateful tribute for the support of himself and parents by said town, during his infancy and childhood. His parents, with himself and other children, were paupers in said town, and were for many years supported by it.

THE MACKEREL FISHERY.—From reports received at Gloucester, Massachusetts, the prospects for a good catch of mackerel by the fleet now in the Bay of St. Lawrence, are very fair. There are about 300 sail now engaged in this fishery.

A TEAM OF PIGS.—Governor Cumming testifies to having observed a wagon, on the road from Salt Lake City to Provo, which was drawn by pigs harnessed to the tongue by an ingenious combination of straps and cords. In it was seated a fat man, who excited his team even into a trot, by the aid of a black snake whip.

ALGERINES AND NEAPOLITANS.—At Bona, Africa, the native Algerines, angry at no rain falling, seized half a dozen Marabouts, and plunged the holy men into the sea, keeping them in the bath until a shower came. It actually began to pour down at once. The lazzaroni at Naples are trying a similar experiment against the lava of Vesuvius with a wooden doll of St. Januarius.

CURE FOR SUN-STROKE.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, says that a free application of cold water is the best remedy for sun-stroke. The afflicted should be placed in the coolest *convenient* spot, (no crowd allowed to obstruct the air) and drenched with bucket after bucket of the coolest water *at hand*. The water should be thrown with great force from head to foot, and continued till the person shows signs of revival. If water is applied *at once* and freely, (salt water is preferable,) not a single death should occur.

A NEGRO man by the name of Rudolf Cotton was killed by a stroke of lightning, on Saturday week, at the house of widow McKay, in Indiana, opposite Carrollton, Kentucky. The electric fluid struck a scythe in the hands of a person near by, and glancing along it entered the hat of Cotton, and passing through his body shivered a stone on which he was standing into a thousand fragments. He fell dead. Two daughters of Mrs. McKay were struck insensible by the shock at the same time, and the ear-rings of one of the ladies were melted from her ears. The girls are not expected to recover. Cotton and one of the ladies were to have been married shortly.

might have prevented her ever marrying at all. But after the willing consent obtained, the promise given, to make her break it for such a cause? Never!

George Marlowe was worthy of this girl's devotion; for if ever the heart of a chivalrous knight of old beat in a nineteenth-century man, it was in the bosom of this loyal gentleman. For a man of his years (he was a little under thirty), Marlowe was somewhat stern and grave in manner on first acquaintance, but when you knew him this impression wore off, and then you felt how kindly in truth his nature was, how unselfish and generous, and, though high-tempered with men, how manly and tender in his respect of women. This man deserved, indeed, the priceless gift of a fair and pure woman's love and constancy.

Ah! how weary the days of that long, anxious winter had been to Helen, when day by day came news of sufferings they underwent—those heroes of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, glorious triune of victory! Sufferings from hunger and from cold, from sickness and disease, inglorious sufferings heroically borne. Ah, how on those bitter winter nights, when the snow lay bound by frost-fetters on the ground, Helen would look out and think of the tents on which the moonlight was shining in that battle-land—moonlight cold and pitiless as the white earth! Hating to look at the bright fire which crackled on the hearth as she turned, heavy-hearted, from the window—hating the luxuries around her while she thought of *their* privations. Many that winter felt as she did—many as they read will recall what they felt then and thought.

And now, now he was wounded—George was wounded, Helen thought—George might die! She was not by to nurse him, she could not be where her heart was, and she had no one to talk to about him—no one to sympathize with her and care for him!

Many hearts, when those bloody news came in, felt as she now did—many, as they read, will recall what they then felt, and how the bleeding wounds seemed made in their hearts too.

The song must have been very difficult indeed to read at first sight, for Miss Hope had been trying it over under Mr. Sutton's tuition for an unconscionably long time, and, to judge from appearance, the attempt had been abandoned in despair; for though Miss Hope still sat at the piano (in the morning room where we first became acquainted with her,) its keys were mute, and it was a recitative entirely of their own composition which she and Philip were carrying on in a low tone of conversation. A pause ensued, after which Mr. Sutton, who was sitting beside the piano, stated that he feared he should not have another such pleasant morning, as he had already taxed Mrs. Stamford's hospitality too far, and thought he really must leave Stamford House to-morrow, or the day after.

"*Must* you?" Emily exclaimed, in a startled tone of voice, and as if the possibility of such a thing had never occurred to her, while she looked up at Philip with her large blue eyes, and a very dismayed little face indeed.

Mr. Sutton experienced a strange sensation, and a fit of temporary insanity, we think it must have been, impelled and compelled him to fix his own eyes on those blue orbs of Miss Hope's, and thus to remain for some time without speaking.

In which occupation there seemed to be some extraordinary fascination, for Mr. Sutton, looking very pale and agitated for a man who supposed himself to be made entirely out of parchment, continued it longer than strict politeness warranted, and till gradually Miss Hope's eyelashes rested on her cheek, and she slightly bent her head. Then Mr. Sutton walked, still without speaking, to the window, where he remained for a few moments, lost apparently in a dream—a very happy one, to judge from the softened expression of his face. But suddenly starting from it, he approached the piano quickly, and said confusedly to Emily, who made a convulsive attempt at a common-place remark,

"Thank you: I am going out. Pray tell him, if he asks, that I have gone down to—to the river for a walk. I am going to take a sketch of—Jack Stamford, I mean!" And almost before Emily could hear, he had left the room.

Now you will allow that for a man who had arrived at the mature age of two-and-thirty, and was gravely practising at the Bar after having overstepped the time for youthful absurdities, this conduct was foolish in the extreme.

And still more so seemed the excessive rapidity with which, on this warm August day, Mr. Sutton strode along the path leading to the river, which flowed about a mile from the house; walking hard, and thinking hard the while. By the time he had reached the river's bank, and thrown himself down on its thick, short turf, Mr. Sutton discovered—that he had made a discovery.

Impossible! when he had very nearly proposed to Helen Stamford, who suited him so perfectly, and for whom he thought he entertained quite enough affection to allow him to marry her? Impossible! he, Philip Sutton, the invulnerable, who had so long been proof against all attacks of the enemy, to be taken captive by the unforeseen foe just as he thought himself victorious?

Even so. Mr. Sutton, like any mere boy of twenty, had, while paying his addresses to Miss Stamford in the most prudent manner, fallen in love—actually—with "that little flirt, Miss Hope," as imprudently as could be well conceived. Fallen in love with a girl who had not a penny!—with a dependent! And to such an extent had this folly proceeded, that poor Philip Sutton, though a good deal startled, was not dismayed at it to the extent a man who had come down expressly to marry an heiress ought to have been. Nay, with humility must we confess to you that, lying on the grass, with the silvery river flowing dreamily by at his feet, Philip actually indulged in a reverie more befitting a Corydon with a flower-wreathed crook and a flock of Arcadian sheep, than such a "parchment man" as Mr. Sutton supposed himself to be. But this reverie could not last, and the question now was, What was the result to be?

To marry her, of course, and at once, if she would have him, and let the morrow care for itself. She was poor? Well, he would work for her; Emily could never be a burden to him. And off went Mr. Sutton on a tangent. But Prudence and Custom put in *their* word now. How would it answer in *reality*, and had he not often contemplated in his mind's eye a love-match on the *prospect* of work? Was he then to give up all his ambitious schemes long cherished, his dreams of public life and distinction, whose realization a rich wife was to have brought him? And Helen! had he not gone too far with her to recede, for was not her heart perhaps already his? After all, Emily might refuse him; he had no doubt she cared for Sir Henry Clayton! though, as the thought crossed his mind, Mr. Sutton hated Sir Henry Clayton with all his soul. Bah! he had passed the age for a *grande passion*; this was merely a foolish fancy, and would soon pass away. As soon as Helen had accepted him, and he had left Stamford, he would forget Miss Hope, as he had forgotten Kate O'Brien.

Sir Henry Clayton! But no—no; with the thought came before him two wistful up-raised blue eyes, and Emily's startled "*Must* you?" rang in his ears. Ah, she loved him! this one really loved him! And a strong voice in his heart told Philip that he would not forget her—that, however unaccountable, he deeply and truly loved Emily Hope. Loving her, could he leave her, dependent orphan—leave her merely because she *was* such?

"Perish all else besides," the true voice cried, "so I but win and treasure this pearl of price. Worthless were all else beside—wealth, power, dominion—so unloved and alone I bore the burden. Live they not all—dominion, power, wealth—in the fathomless mine of a deep, true love?"

And Helen, too? For the first time the question crossed his mind of how far allowable it was, even treating her with all kindness, to cheat a woman, who gave you the whole of her woman's heart, into the belief that she possessed yours, when that lay *chiefly*, though not *entirely*, enveloped in the balance-sheet of her banker's account?

And so Philip cast into the river at his feet all the dry, prudent maxims of his thirty-two years of life, and while the current carried them swiftly away, and silvery Wye laughed a jubilee over them, Philip felt that he would not have given an hour of his new experience for the wisest maxims in the world.

But his first impulse was too wild; he must work first—marry after. He had plenty of energy and talent, he was already a rising man; and in the meantime he would not tie Emily down to a long engagement—*that* would take so much of the bloom from her wondrous youth and gaiety. She should not share the anxieties of his upward toil. He would leave Stamford the next day, and not tell her he loved her. Thus Love the Magician was teaching Mr. Sutton already to be unselfish; but he had yet to learn, that if poor little Emily loved him, the bloom would fade far sooner if he left her without asking her to be his wife, than if she could not share even his anxieties, knowing she loved, not unbeloved.

CHAPTER V.

The following day was spent very quietly; the spirits of most of the party seemed subdued. Philip Sutton had announced his departure for the next day. Helen was very quiet and anxious, though she strove not to let others feel the influence of her gravity. Sir Henry Clayton was still with them, and though smarting sorely under the mortification Emily had inflicted, never for a moment betrayed it, nor alluded to leaving Stamford till the original limit of his visit had arrived, for fear abrupt departure might occasion suspicion. He really cared for Emily; but he had all his life been accustomed to care more for another individual than for all the world beside, and that unhappy personage was himself; so that he felt more even for the unexpected mortification to this best-beloved self than for the actual loss of her whom he had intended to honor with his hand.

There were two drawing-rooms at Stamford, and by some accident it so happened that, after dinner that evening, Miss Hope and Philip Sutton found themselves alone by the window which opened down to the ground, and, the day having been sultry, was still wide open. Helen had been standing with Emily when Philip joined them, but had suddenly found occupation in the next room, where the lamp had just been lighted. It was a beautiful still evening, with the red light just fading away, where the sun had set, and the full harvest-moon looking down placidly from above, casting a silver sheen over the smooth lawn in front of the windows, and paling the bright flower-beds of Helen's special territory. Far away, and now echoed from the copse at the farther end of the lawn, sounded the owl's low, mellow hoot, sad and yet soothing in its monotony, no other sound abroad upon the August night. Emily, in her white dress, leaned against the side of the window, looking prettier that evening with the spray or two of jessamine Helen had twisted in her brown hair, than Philip had ever seen her. He stood beside her—neither of them speaking—very full of his resolve to leave her the next day without telling her he loved her—leaving her still unshackled. But poor Philip did not dare to look at her, notwithstanding his resolutions.

Emily broke the charm of the night and the silence by inquiring indifferently at what o'clock Mr. Sutton left next morning? She had been the gayest of the party during dinner, and Philip's heart had sunk more than once as it occurred to him that perhaps she did not love him after all.

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again, Mr. Sutton?" she said, cheerfully, after Philip had answered her.

"I wonder indeed!" he said, as sadly. You would have thought he was going to Australia at least. "Do you live all the year round in Cornwall, Miss Hope?"

"No; but I don't go much to London. I don't like it much, and my old aunt hates London." You never leave it except at this season, I think?" she continued, as if it was the pleasantest reflection possible.

"No, alas! Excepting during this long vacation, and a few days at Christmas, I live the remainder of the year a mere parchment-moth. I go through the 'season,' to be sure, as a habit that has grown upon me, but with very small enjoyment and immense over-fatigue; for I must work all the same."

"It must be very disagreeable, and dreadfully dull," Miss Hope said, politely.

A pause.

"It must be harder drudgery yet, for two years," then Philip said, half to himself, and setting his teeth close. "I must work like a galley-slave, if—"

"Must you?" Emily asked, turning round suddenly from her outward gaze, and in a tone of greater interest. (Those two magic words!) "You mustn't overwork yourself."

"What does it matter if I only succeed," he answered, eagerly; and then, with a strange quiver in his voice, added, reaching out his hand, "Will you wish that I may succeed, Miss Hope? I think if you would once wish me success, I—I should get on better after I go back to town."

Strange to say, notwithstanding the polite indifference she had hitherto manifested, Miss Hope, involuntarily as it seemed, put her little hand into Philip's, and said, very earnestly,—

"Indeed I wish you success in all you undertake, and I pray you may have it. And—and—I hope we may meet again some day!"

Poor little Emily's voice trembled a good deal as she came to the end of her speech, and Philip, who was looking at her very intently, saw two large tears, revealed by the treacherous moonlight, rolling slowly down her cheeks. This was too much; far more than Philip had compacted for in his arrangements with his own conscience. It wasn't to be endured a moment longer.

"Emily!" he exclaimed, taking the little hand in both his own, "I can't help it! Do forgive me for telling you so two years sooner than I intended."

And what it was, we leave Mr. Sutton to explain.

A long ottoman stood near the window, and Mr. Sutton, being anxious to prolong the conversation, drew it forward, and sat down beside Emily, to whom he then proceeded to confess, and, to his credit be it spoken, made no reservation. He told her precisely what his views on the subject of marrying for money had been; the reason of his coming to Stamford; the exact amount of his affection for Helen; his intention of proposing to her, and his hope that she really did *not* care for him. He expressed this so compassionately and regretfully that Emily hastened to reassure him; and to his surprise he heard of Helen's engagement to Colonel Marlowe.

He told her, too, of the resolve he had made not to fetter her with an engagement till he was able to marry, which, by his own exertions, he hoped to be in two years. "And now you see you have made me break my resolution, Emily; but still you shall not engage yourself to me; you shall only remember sometimes that I love you, and that to me you are worth all the heiresses in England and in all the world put together" (Mr. Sutton's conversation, as you will observe, was becoming foolish), "and that endowed as you are, when you *do* become my wife, you bring me in yourself the only heritage I should ever prize. Poor as we both are, we shall bring each other a treasure that," &c., &c., &c.

"But indeed I think I had better be engaged to you now, please," Emily said, laughing again for the first time, "for you don't know how very odd I am. By to-morrow I mightn't care for you one bit more than I do for my big dog Pilot!"

But Helen had judged rightly: there was not much danger.

That night, to Mrs. Stamford's astonishment, Philip, who had been so determined to go, petitioned to be allowed to remain a few days longer at Stamford; completing her astonishment by the reason he gave, for Mrs. Stamford was fully convinced that Philip was attached to her daughter. Mr. Stamford, to whom she considered it necessary to communicate the information, would have willingly constituted Emily his daughter on the occasion, in order that he might show how utterly imprudent such a marriage was; but he had no voice in the matter. Helen alone was not surprised; she had seen through Emily's assumed indifference, and though not through the motive of Philip's attentions to herself, still she knew all along that he did not *love* her, and had foreseen how matters would end.

Sir Henry Clayton left the next day, and then somehow the position of affairs transpired to Jack Stamford, for bursting with the news, and a bad attack of stammering brought on by his eagerness to speak, he met Philip as the latter meditatively smoked a cigar in front of the house, and accosted him with—

"You're a pretty f-f-fellow, and this is a nice business! And you expect me to congratulate you? Didn't I tell you my father and mother were very anxious for me to fall in love with Miss Hope?"

Philip smiled quietly.

"You certainly intimated the *fear* of such a calamity on Mr. and Mrs. Stamford's part, and I have endeavored to save you from its consequences."

"I like your sacrifice to friendship. Do you know the prize you have drawn?"

"Perfectly," Philip answered.

"And I admire your cool self-possession. Didn't I tell you she was the richest heiress in the south of England, you highway robber and Dick-Turpin-in-sheep's-clothing t-t-traitor!"

"Come, come, Stamford," Philip said, "I can stand more nonsense from you than I can from most people, but don't make Miss Hope the subject of conversation. The step may be an imprudent one on both her part and mine, penniless as we are, but, nevertheless, I have drawn a prize."

"Penniless!" Jack exclaimed, raising his hands despairingly. "Will you n-never believe what I say? I tell you again—"

And so they went on, Stamford insisting on his assertion of Emily's heiress-ship, and Philip, who knew that for the sake of the "fun" it afforded him, Jack Stamford habitually "crammed" his conversation to bursting-point, now persisted in disbelieving him, and finally got very angry at what he considered an impertinent jest on Emily's dependent position.

"Well, ask Helen, if you won't believe me," Jack exclaimed, as his sister at this moment appeared, coming from the garden; but Philip was too angry even to stop the demand for confirmation of his statement which Stamford now made.

Helen was puzzled.

"Is it possible you did not know?" she said, looking up at Philip. "Surely some one in the house must have mentioned it to you? Emily Hope is, undoubtedly, the richest heiress in the south country."

"There! and he is actually furious with me for speaking the t-t-truth!" Jack said, with the air of a martyr, and totally obliterating from his recollection that it was one of his usual "truths" which had misled Philip in the first instance.

Of the latter's amusement we need give you no description; and as he told Emily, after she had confirmed Helen's assertion, his first feeling was one of disappointment. He wanted to work for her, and now she did not need it; and then she had not undeceived him as to her position. But for this latter crime Emily had a plausible excuse. Did he not see that she wanted to be sure he really cared for herself? she had had so many, many warnings of the superior attractions her *coquette* possessed! And Miss Hope cast down her eyes, and sighed touchingly. So that at last Philip became reconciled to the idea of marrying an heiress after all, and with the consolation of knowing that he *had believed* it to be

All for love, and the world well lost.

Little remains to be told. Miss Hope's quondam guardians remonstrated in vain; Miss Hope was of age. She married Philip Sutton a few months after, and the latter, we hear, has just given up his profession and gone into Parliament, where he bids fair to become, in due time, a leading speaker, for he devotes to politics with great gusto and energetic endeavor those talents which had already marked him as a "rising barrister." Emily and he are happy, and the fears she once communicated to Helen are entirely set at rest.

And poor Helen!

You must know that George Marlowe came home safely after the Crimean campaign, during which he had rendered brave and signal service. It had cost him his left arm, and Mrs. Stamford thought this would of course prevent Helen still wishing for the marriage, but it seemed only to endear him the more to her, for she remarked simply, he would require her much more now. The report Philip had heard of her fortune was exaggerated, but still, with what George had, and his pay, they might have got on very well, and Mrs. Stamford began to endeavor to shake her husband's opposition. But one day, in crossing the park, Colonel Marlowe came face to face with his uncle. George bowed, Sir Stephen looked hard at him, turned very red in the face, and passed on.

The next morning his nephew received a note, saying,

"DEAR GEORGE,—Come and dine with me to-morrow, at seven.

"Yours, STEPHEN MARLOWE,"

as if nothing had happened. The honorable service, perhaps an inward acknowledgment that it had been manfully and rightly persevered in, and, above all, the empty coat-sleeve, had all told. George went, was received as if he had never been absent a day, and after dinner Sir Stephen—rather awkwardly, though—drew his will from his pocket and deliberately threw it into the fire. The next day he wrote again to Mr. Stamford, and everything was once more rose color.

Mrs. Marlowe had all the family diamonds presented to her by Sir Stephen on her marriage; but you will believe us when we tell you that above these and all the diamonds of Golconda the jewel she prizes most is her husband's Victoria Cross.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still,
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses low and sweet
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild.
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all."

CURIOUS POWER.—Puff-balls, which you scatter to the wind with your finger and thumb, can raise huge flagstones; and an anecdote is told in Chambers's Journal of Sir Joseph Banks, who, putting by a cask of over-sweet wine for three years, at the end of that time found his cellar filled with a fungus so thick and strong that it had to be cut down with an axe, while the cask, which was empty, was carried up by it to the ceiling. What a good subject for a natural fairy tale! It is almost as beautiful as the tangled hedge round the castle of the Sleeping Beauty.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Lost amidst those lonely moors, everything monotonous and unattractive without, all serious and concentrated within, I felt the full weight of the considerations which had been gathering for a long time before in my mind. If the thought of perishing in those wilds, my fate forever unknown to those I had left in Europe, filled me with sadness, the further thought of entering unprepared into an eternal state as often changed that sadness to dismay. If I had known that I was to escape, I suppose I should not have bestowed a single thought on that great subject. But when I had thought pretty seriously, and imbibed still stronger impressions of its importance than heretofore, the Unseen Hand guided me forth from amidst the danger. Towards evening, as I was leaning down to drink at a large water-hole, I heard the sharp, quick yelp of a coolie dog, which betokened either cattle being driven or the proximity of a station. I struck off for the sound, and in less than half a mile found myself on open ranges, where the grass was fed down very short, a sure sign of a station being close at hand. A couple of hundred yards further, and there it lay before me, visible from the hill-top, in the valley below.

The rough but generous hospitality of the inmates of this far-isolated homestead, soon supplied my wants. Nor could I but join in their uproarious laughter over my misadventure. "That man," they said, referring to my guide, "is an old hand at this trick. He is a bushranger; and being too much of a coward to rob any one awake, he gets into company with travellers on this route, and as there are several places where people camp when too late to get to a station, he watches his opportunity when they are asleep, and bolts off with their 'swag.' He knows the woods well, and has been on this road now for a long time. He stops here sometimes, when he has had bad luck and is nearly starved. We give him two or three feeds and a night's lodging, and on he goes again. He never says he is in the bush, and we pretend we don't know it."

"Why don't you take him?" I asked.

"Well, that wouldn't do. We should have him getting up a gang and coming in some day and clearing off all we've got in the hut. Beside, they'd kill our cattle in the woods. As it is, they won't touch anything of our brand, for fear of being taken next time they had to put in here for something to eat. No, no; it is always best to let well enough alone. We have no business to know anything about the man so long as he does not trouble us."

The station was a very fair sample of Australian stock-stations. Stations where only sheep are kept are called sheep-stations; those where only horned cattle are kept are the stock-stations. It is very rarely that cattle and sheep are pastured on the same "run;" as the cattle refuse to feed after sheep, and so would be continually wandering off the run.

The owner of the cattle here, possessed about 2,000 or 2,500 head. He had been on the "run" about four years; bringing to it with him about eight hundred head. The ground neither was his own, nor did he pay rent for it. He was occupying about fifteen miles square. Had a poor man occupied fifteen rods square, the Government would soon have had a constable and a prosecution on his track. Meantime the occupant of this station was himself one of the best sort of wealthy men. He had been born in the colony, of European parents; a class in which aversion to the old country authorities and their colonial delegates is very strong.

He had "prospected" and found here a fine chain of water-holes surrounded by a sufficient extent of good grazing country. At the foot of one of the small ridges bounding an arm of the main valley, with a water-hole of several acres superficies close by, he had built his hut, almost fifteen feet by twenty; the sides of split slabs set on end, and open enough, being wholly unhewn; the chimney a smaller enclosure, of like materials, at one end; and capacious enough to build a good log fire in, without risk; the roof constructed with sheets of bark, stripped from the neighboring trees, five or six feet long by three or four broad. A few rods off, on an easy-curving hip of the hill, was the stockyard, a square enclosure of about a quarter of an acre; made with strong posts and rails to the height of five or six feet; capable of withstanding the force of a large body of cattle at branding times. Some stockyards are seven and even eight feet high; yet very wild cattle will leap them and make their way off again to the woods. The owner of this station was a bachelor, and had usually three or four men with him. Nevertheless he had not a single foot of ground under cultivation; but fetched out all his breadstuffs on a pack-ox from the more settled part of the country. A hundred miles of stock country might often be traversed without meeting with so much as a garden. This careless and discreditable custom arose in the first instance from the herdsmen being mostly prisoners; and from the necessity of shifting sheep frequently to fresh runs. Where there was such uncertainty of residence; where a master might send a man back to Government, or a sheep overseer remove a flock, at an hour's notice, it seemed not worth while to plant and fence. By degrees there got to be an impression among the stockmen and shepherds that as their occupation had a sort of freedom from restraint and from hard labor about it, which the field laborers' had not, so terraculture was in itself a more menial employment than their own. Till at length the men and many of their masters quite scorned the thought of tillage in all its forms; and they would live at a station four years together without growing a potato or pumpkin for themselves, or a cob of maize for their horses. Not pressed by any necessity of providing winter fodder for their cattle; fine grass always at hand; no snow covering up the vegetation for a single hour the year through, happily their indolence punished the dumb animals far less than themselves.

The occupant of this station had contented himself with merely increasing his stock and sending in considerable draughts to the butchers. He was also, I believe, one of the "gullyrakers;" and thus added another to his means of gain.

The "gullyrakers" in Australia are stockmen who go out into a yet unsettled part, and building a hut and yard, get in by hard riding, and the terrible stockwhip, and well-trained dogs, lots of wild cattle. The stock horse is so used to his work, that without a touch of bridle or heel, he will hunt a beast, doubling and turning with it whenever it attempts to go wrong, just as well as if the rider's wishes were conveyed to him, at the instant. The stockwhip is a thong with a hard hide lash, altogether from twelve to fifteen feet in length, fixed on a handle of about one foot long. Those accustomed to use it can cut the skin of an ox with it, as with a knife. The sound of it infuses terror into the animals who have once learned its effects. With those means the stockmen possess an almost unlimited control over herds, tame or wild. The very wildest and oldest of the wild cattle, the gullyrakers slaughter, or drive off along with some tame beasts to allure them along to market. The calves and two or three year old beasts they brand and herd till they have tamed them. This practice was carried on very extensively at the period I am writing of; as was also the less defensible one of cattle-stealing from known owners. Many young men, otherwise of respectability and often of very aristocratic rank, were mixed up in it, as the records of the Sydney Criminal Court will long continue to testify. It seems, however, let it be said in extenuation, to have been the result of a passion for daring adventure and bold horsemanship, rather than of the predilection for dishonest gain. But it had some dark traits, which were brought into public notice during the group of trials connected with the first discoveries of the police in the matter. One such was this: One gang of these depredators had been in the habit of riding to some distant district whence they would drive off a lot of calves and young steers. On reaching their haunt in the wilderness again, they would flay out the pieces of the hide on which was the right owner's brand, and affixing their own in another place, put the animals away down in some convenient gullies, where no one but members of their own gang ever penetrated, and there keep them out of sight till the excision was healed and the false brand began to look like an old one. This branding being done with red hot irons, shaped like capital letters, usually the initials of the parties' names, it is some months ere a brand begins to appear old. The fortunes of some of these amateur free-booters, full as they are of the most reckless ventures, and mingled with acts of female affection and devotedness in the hour of need, would furnish the materials for a romance of no ordinary interest.

My present host, meantime, was an individual long past the age of romance; probably nearly forty years of age. I should rather suppose he was one who got wealth for its own sake, whether he sought it in regular or irregular channels. But he was also an easy, heavy, good-hearted fellow, who must have been by long odds a worse companion to his horse than to any other living being. He was not the only one by several of the Australians, who, at that period, even, stood above six feet four inches high, with proportional breadth and robustness. He was no niggard of his hospitality. He fed and joked and smoked and talked over the news of the colony with every one who came that way, whether they chose to stay for a single night or a week. He rolled himself up in his 'possum skin cloak about ten o'clock at night, and rolled himself out of it about eight o'clock the next morning; and never saw shoots except when he drove a mob of cattle to Sydney market. I rested three days; got my wardrobe replenished, and went on. My good-natured entertainer rode a few miles with me to put me past the cattle-tracks of his own herd; and left me on a good road to the next station.

The remainder of my journey was pleasant enough. The country was beautiful; and I had been directed (leaving the main road entirely for many miles) through a series of stations so near each other, that never more than two or three hours elapsed without my meeting with one, and being offered the usual refreshments. Between the stations, herds of kangaroo, from one to two hundred in number, and of all sizes, from the piokaninnies no larger than cats, to immense overgrown patriarchs, called in the language of "the bush" old men kangaroos, and full six feet tall, bounded away out of the flats at my approach. Sometimes the skulking warregal, large boned and gaunt as the largest sized wolf, grudgingly abandoned the carrion he was feeding on when surprised, and retiring behind a tree, watched me away. A hut-keeper told me of a droll case of theft on the part of one of these sylvan marauders. The Christmas day before, the hut-keeper had prepared a first-class plum pudding for his shepherds when they came home at night. As soon as he heard their flocks coming he took the pudding up and placed it outside the door to cool; and went to help the shepherds get the flocks into the folds. This done, he and the two shepherds were proceeding toward the hut in the happiest mood, expecting their Christmas pudding, when, lo! to their unspeakable dismay, an immense warregal, with the pudding in his mouth, galloping away through the bush! The sheep dogs of course went off hotfoot after him, and the robber had to give up his booty. Whether they found it palatable afterwards I did not ask. Of course it was still in the cloth it had been boiled in; and so might not be much the worse. I have forgotten to say that it was his booty being so scalding hot, and thus compelling him every few yards to let it fall that occasioned a delay, which enabled the shepherds to come in sight of the thief before he got away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PRESCRIPTION.—The *Buffalo Republic* says the following prescription was recently handed in at a drug store in that place:

"PINCK RUT AND SENA!"

It was put up, and put up right. It meant, "Pink Root and Senna."

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair Hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

THE VIEW AFTER THE CLIMB.

I ended my last letter for want of space. Antonio had just been argued into a respectful bearing, and the "ole man" had also profited by the argument. We shortly afterwards re-mounted our horses, rode one or two miles, crossed a small creek over a very massive stone bridge, scrambled up a frightfully steep and broken road for hours, and finally gained the summit of a ridge which had previously towered far above us. Antonio here stopped us with the exclamation—

"Here Gran Carrol!" and then seated himself upon a roadside stone. His previous vivacity seemed completely restored.

"Gran Humbug!" commented the master. "The 'Gran Carrol' is a mile farther up—beyond the top of this ridge. You're all lazy.—That's the reason this is the 'Gran Carrol.'"

"Suppose he not Gran Carrol? Suppose I speak lie?" protested the "ole man," with vehement inquiry.

"That's not improbable," laughed the master, at which the ancient horseboy gesticulated despairingly, as if at a loss for further argument, and girded his loins for a continuation of the climb. This was the "first view," from which most strangers returned to an early dinner. We re-mounted after admiring the undoubtedly fine view, crossed the top of the ridge, and were again stopped by our boys, after proceeding a half-mile beyond it.

"*Here* Gran Carrol!" they exclaimed, triumphantly.

"This is the view," acknowledged the master; "but we can ride farther yet."

"Can't we ride to the top of that peak?" I asked, pointing to the towering crag previously described. We were now at the "second view," from which many strangers returned to a "late dinner."

"Ah-h-h-h! Phew-w-w!" exclaimed the "ole man," ironically, in answer to my question. "Suppose *goat, sheep*, no go! *Hoss!* kill him!" the silent one becoming indignantly loquacious at the prospect of continued travel; —for no matter how far we went, how long we stopped, we were to pay but two dollars. That was the reason he became loquacious.

A council of war was now held, the result of which was the conclusion that the present view was very grand, but that the one from the peak would be still more tempestuous.

"We will therefore ride along the side of this mountain, until the road ends at the ford, leave you and the horses there, cross it on foot, and climb the peak," we said, finally, to the "ole man" and his objecting friends.

They shrugged their shoulders and smiled—the smile seemed to say, "you may leave us with the horses, and we will watch you fail in the attempt, and return to us crest-fallen."

We pushed on for the ford, dismounted, crossed it on projecting boulders, and while some stopped to drink of the sparkling waters, the chief engineer and myself commenced the ascent. We were accompanied by several boys and one bare-legged youth, all of whom carried slender, five-foot poles, pointed with iron, to assist their footing. The bare-legged youth acted as guide, and picked out the most available hillsides and ridges, up which we climbed by zig-zag courses. Thus we got at least a two minutes' start of the other four. These boys, who we subsequently learned were in charge of several flocks of sheep that we saw around us, were constantly exciting our envy by leaping from crag to crag, to the imminent terror of all beholders, and encouraging us to attempt similar feats. It is needless to say we treated their insane suggestions with the contempt they so richly merited.

"I tell you what it is," said my companion, as he began to talk short and glance up at our destined height, "I tell you what it is, we have undertaken too much, Smith."

"Not a bit of it," I replied, "but it won't do to go it too strong at first—we must take it leisurely. Last cruise, when I was in the 'old John,' we had lots of this kind of work while surveying; and experience showed us that the true way to climb a mountain was to stop as soon as we were reasonably tired, and start again the instant we felt reasonably restored. Let's stop for a minute now."

Ambition to excel is a feeling which pervades every pursuit of life. We two were consequently at present anxious to be the first to reach the summit. We had, moreover, *started first*, and would be laughed at did we fail. We looked down upon the distance which separated us from our tardy and consequently more urgent companions, and continued the ascent leisurely. Our guide told us that they must necessarily follow the same path—we, therefore, knowing the toil that existed along that path between us and them, felt secure of not being overtaken. We soon learned, to our cost, that there was more than one route to the top of the peak.

Acting upon my old plan, while my companion allowed himself an extra minute to be restored *entirely*, we soon became separated. Next we found ourselves with different resting places, and finally I looked down upon him from a height of eighty or a hundred feet. I saw the others hurrying along by the same route, and consequently rested every time without fear of being passed *without my knowledge*. After a while a ridge intervened between us two and the other four.

"Hold on!" shouted the chief, "I want to tell you something."

I had just got "reasonably rested," and true to my principle, was starting for the next stretch. Considering that the other party were not even in sight yet, I thought I might await him in safety. My muscles, too, pleaded strongly in his behalf, and I resumed my seat. At the end of five minutes he was at my side. It took a sixth before he could recover his breath to enlighten me as to the nature of his information, and four more before he had ended. Then we made another start together, and were just wondering why our friends did not appear over the ridge, when our head-boy (these boys seemed as much excited as to victory as we did ourselves) raised an alarm and pointed across a small ravine to the second lieutenant and young Doctor ———, both of whom were now ahead of us—the former ahead of all, and having a man under each arm urging him ahead. The chief and myself, though just rested, had still more than double the distance to go than the second lieutenant. The consequence was that we had to progress twice as fast or be beaten. We *sprang* forward freshly to try the former, and the consequence was that we rapidly lost breath—we were going too fast.—Still we pushed on as fast as possible, urging each other ahead, first one having the lead and then the other. It seemed that we only wanted one of us two to arrive first—*which* one, it mattered not. The young doctor now disappeared around the base of the crag, while I led the chief a few paces; and the second lieutenant, ten yards on our left, was being urged toward the same point in the ridge for which we were making. He was still several paces in advance.

"Go it, Smith! Don't let him beat us!" panted the chief.

"I'm almost done," panted I, in reply; "you'd better get ahead."

"I can't! I am dead beat! Go it! Stick to it!"

"Make your boys stop pushing!" I shouted, spasmodically; "it ain't fair! Honor bright!"

No reply. His boys seemed to push more than ever. They were lifting him bodily over the last rocky break, when one of them missed his footing, and—no, he *didn't* fall. While falling, he picked himself up with the agility of a mountain goat, and once more lifted up "his gentleman." It was a loss of two or more seconds, however, just enough to let me start fair with him on the "last heat." Like two drunken men we staggered toward the nearing point—twenty feet—fifteen—eight. Two more steps, and we almost tumble against each other. *I did* fall upon a hard seat in the shape of a flat rock; he would have done so, had he not had his two boys under him. He had beaten me by two steps—I had beaten the chief by ten or more.

We were both so exhausted that we could not undertake the extra exertion of getting up on the rocks. The chief took courage at our evident dilapidation, and passed laboriously on. A moment later we heard his shout, and a half minute later that of the young doctor. The latter's head was just heaving in sight, as the chief sank upon the highest of the peaked and jagged fragments of basaltic rock which crowned the peak he had gained. "*Our* side" had gained, and could I have held out only fifteen paces more, I should have been the first. One by one the weighty doctor and slim master now arrived. The doctor first, the master last. We gathered fresh breath, and began to admire the scene which opened before us.

It was a scene well worthy our admiration.—We were nestled together upon the overhanging crest of a mountain, whose sides were broken and rocky steeps, whose breast, facing the depths below, was almost vertical, and whose "o'erhanging crest" was composed of a dozen or more irregular shafts of basaltic rock, piled loosely together, and looking unpleasantly insecure, and liable to change of locality from the most ordinary application of power. Upon the highest of these irregular columns, we now mounted in turn, assisted by each other, and fearing to assume an entirely upright attitude, lest, in the words of Mr. Micawber, "something should turn up"—or rather *down*. This was too *uncertain* a position to *enjoy* a view from, and so I occupied it but a short while. By passing half around its base, I saw everything at once. Here is what I saw:

I looked toward the sea which was twenty-eight hundred feet below me, and about seven miles distant—and saw the commencement of a vast fissure, a mile in width where we were, whose broken and irregular trend was marked by the rocky and inclined bed of a foaming water-course, and whose disjointed sides were composed of hundreds of precipices, divided here and there by terraced patches of cultivation and by green slopes accessible only to the sheep or goat; vast numbers of the former of which were then to be seen grazing from their broken surface. I saw the rocky borders of the bed of the water-course expanding here, and assuming the shape of an inhabited, wooded, and cultivated valley; and contracting there until one almost wondered that there was room for the water to pass. I saw mist and immensity, bounded on one side by the huge boulders which Old Time and the Elements had cast from their towering homes into the abyss below; and on the other by green slopes and terraced gardens—by clusters of shade trees, an isolated Romish church, and the scattering hamlets of the rude peasantry. I saw cloud covered elevations behind me, a blue sky overhead, the sea and horizon in the distant front, and below, that monstrous mark by which agonised nature in some of her antediluvian throes stamped Madeira as the volcanic child of earth's hidden fires. It was a grand, grand view. Such views are only formed when the earth trembles in agony. Their vastness is beyond all description. An almost fathomless chasm, broken and irregular, seven miles in length, a mile in width, and falling in that seven miles twenty-five hundred feet. Certainly it was made "in the beginning."

While we were turning from side to side admiring this magnificent display, the reverberating detonation of a heavy gun broke upon the ear, and called all eyes toward the harbor. There we saw a white ball of smoke slowly ascending above the English steamer Styx, and being gradually borne out to sea by the languid breeze. We also saw that she, as well as the two gun-boats were underweigh, and that another steamer was just arriving. We subsequently learned that they were bound to the West Indies, and that the arriving steamer was a Russian propeller of war bound to China and the Amoor river. The reverberations of this gun, softened by seven miles of space, and thrown from side to side over the enormous depth over which we were perched, added to the general interest of "The Climb." We were more than repaid for our heavy breathing and overtaxed muscles.

Our boys no sooner saw us preparing to descend than they threw themselves before us, demanding payment for services as guides, and indulging in a most heart-rending wail as we pushed them out of the way and commenced crawling over the rocks. They had forced their services upon us, but no one save the second lieutenant had been apparently benefitted by them; we, nevertheless, presented them with ten cents each as we gained the ford and threw ourselves upon the rocks—exhausted—for the descent had been continuous, and any one who has ever descended a mountain upon a half trot knows how trying it is upon the muscles of the leg and small of the back.

We now seated ourselves upon the cool, round rocks, around each of which the clear mountain stream rushed and foamed, called upon "Antonio, the discontented," for the box of sardines which he carried, hauled out our supply of bread and pocket pistols, and finally made a very hearty lunch. After this we mounted our horses at the commencement of a sharp shower, and made the best of our way back to town. Arrived at the hotel we proceeded to settle with our horse-boys, and though my rascal Antonio had told me I had to pay "just what the others did," he now objected sullenly to the $2,00 which they were each receiving. I tried to convince him of the justice of my payment in a quiet, argumentative way at first; but finding he began to be insolent as well as sullen, I cut the matter short in an active and demonstrative manner by kicking him down the stairs, and throwing $2,25 in silver after him—$2,00 for the horse, and 25 cents for the horse-like kick. It is worthy of remark that he picked himself up at the foot of the stairs and rubbed himself into as polite bearing as he had been wantonly insolent. He ended by begging me to hire his horse when I next came on shore, which I, of course, refused to think of. Indeed I was laid up with a bruised hand the next day, and rode no more.

A week at length drifted by, took my hand out of the sling, and sent me on shore to dine with the Ex-President and his invalid wife at the hospitable board of J. H. M., Esq., the prince of wine merchants. We were to sail the next day for St. Helena, and so during the day we backed and filled about the town making our last purchases, and seeing our last sights. During this backing and filling we once found ourselves upon the beach, and John C——— (the man from whom Manuel, our washerman, had hired the horses for our trip to the Mount Church) within a few yards of us. We had seen nothing of said washerman, and as he had several hundred dollars worth of our soiled clothes to account for, and as the hour of sailing was close at hand, we naturally felt interested as to his general health and locality.

"Hillo, John C———!" I exclaimed, "where's our mutual and highly esteemed friend Manuel?"

"Arrah pues! Pobre Manuel!" he replied, with an air of great apparent commiseration. "Manuel, saire, not out of de callaboose yet."

"Not out of the callaboose?" I exclaimed, inquiringly.

"You'se not know he in callaboose, saire?"

"Callaboose! No! When was he put in? What for?"

"Ah, saire! Two days now it make as poor Manuel was coming on shore from de sheep (the ship). De custom-house officer boat stop him on de water and take tobacco from his bosom. Den de must lock him in de prison—Arrah! Pobre Manuel!"

"And how long will they keep him?" I asked, consolingly.

"Oh, saire! He not know. Suppose one month, suppose one year. Suppose dey get him money in one month, he walk again; suppose dey not get him money in one year, he not walk out soon."

"I don't understand!" I said. "He must pay a fine for smuggling; is that it?"

"*All* money he got, dey take," replied John. "Suppose he tell him where money be, he walk out; suppose he not tell, he not walk out. Manuel have got plenty money, but he not like tell. I spose he not walk out some time."

"How will he get the washed clothes on board, and be paid for them?" I asked, anxiously.

John shook his head—it was evidently above the comprehension of said head.

"No more he shall board de sheep! No more he shall walk in de boat for some time! He shall stop in de callaboose. He shall no more smuggle tobac in dere," he explained, finally.

We bade John C——— an alarmed afternoon, sought our unfortunate friend in the callaboose, read him a lecture upon the immorality of smuggling, and then took measures to secure the return of our clothes. Then we left him with really saddened feelings, got into a sledge drawn by two oxen, and started for the Quinta of Mr. M———. I say that our feelings were "saddened," and such was really the case. For Manuel had been a ready, good-natured, and obliging fellow; and now he was in the clutches of a law that knew not justice, and whose action was as sluggish as its justice was uncertain. Upon inquiry we learned that his probable fate would be a year in prison, while action was being taken in his case, and the outlay of half his property in securing said action even in that length of time. I mention this to give an idea of Portuguese courts of justice.

The next day it was the 6th of January, 1858, and having at length succeeded in filling our coal bunkers in spite of the unfavorable state of the weather; we hove up our anchor and steamed away for St. Helena—distant about 4,000 miles.

SIR ROBERT'S SAILOR SON.

Our England hath no need to raise
The ghosts of glories gone;
Such heroes dying in our days
Still toss the live torch on.
Brave blood as bright a crimson gleams,
Still burns as goodly a zeal;
The old heroic radiance beams
In men like William Peel.

Oh, he was just a warrior for
A weary working day!
So kind in peace, so stern in war,
He walked our English way,
With beautiful bravery clothed on.
And such high moral grace;
A light of rare sun-armor shone
Out of his noble face.

How, like a battle brand red-hot,
His spirit grew, and glowed,
When in his swift war chariot
The Avenger rose, and rode!
His sailors loved him as on deck,
So cheery was his eye,
They leapt on land, and in his wake
Followed him, guns and all.

Sleep, Sailor darling, leal and brave,
With our dead Soldiers sleep!
That so, the land you lived to save,
You shall have died to keep.
You might have wished the dear sea-blue
To have folded round your breast;
But God had other work for you,
And other place of rest.

We tried to reach you with our wreath
When living, but, laid low,
You grow so grand! and after death
The dearness deepens so!
To have gone so soon, so loved to have died,
So young to wear that crown,
We think. But with such thrills of pride
As shake the last tears down.

God rest you, gallant William Peel,
With those whom England leaves
Scattered,—as still she piles her steel,—
But God gleans up in sheaves.
We'll tell the tale on land, on board,
Till boys shall feel as men,
And forests of hands clutch at this sword
Death gives us back again.

GERALD MASSEY.

A CAT AN HEIRESS.

One of the most exquisite of musicians, in her time, was Mademoiselle Dupuy, of the French Opera. Her playing on the harp was the wonder of Paris. She was convinced, however, that she owed her artistic excellence to her *favorite cat!* And, of this strange intimacy between a charming woman and her quadruped favorite, Moncriff her biographer gives the following interesting particulars:—

Of course the lovely musician's practising, at home, were assiduous and constant. But as soon as she sat down and began to prelude upon the instrument, she noticed that her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. At the point of the instrument's arriving at any passage of peculiar beauty, the excited grimalkin went into a feline ecstacy, and so well measured was this sensibility, according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mademoiselle Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat! She became a devout *Pusseyite*, in fact, believing that the nervous creature was an exact prophet, foretelling precisely how music would affect an audience. And she was grateful accordingly to the friend to whom she thought she owed mainly her artistic success.

In her last illness, at the approach of death, M'lle. Dupuy sent for the notary, to make her will. She had accumulated a fortune by her profession; and the first clause of her testament was the *giving of her town-house and her country-house to her cat!* She added to this annuity sufficient for the comfortable support of the four-legged *musician* during its natural life; and to make sure that this, her last will and testament, should be respected, she gave several legacies to friends on the express conditions that they should see to the fulfillment of her wishes. It was also a condition that they should severally take turns, during the week in going to see and keep company with the orphan puss!

Moncriff adds that the relatives of M'lle. Dupuy disputed the validity of the will, and a lawsuit was the consequence—Grimalkin *vs.* Dupuys. But *the cat gained the cause*, and lived out her days, with genteel alternation between her elegant town-house and her charming country-house. The particulars of the final *cat*-astrophe are not given.

SIR HENRY CLINTON.—At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at the mansion of Professor Longfellow, at Cambridge, Mr. Everett related, among other anecdotes, one of the British General Clinton, who, while living at the Battery, in New York, was accustomed to take a nap every warm day in the summer-house in the garden attached to his residence. He was observed by a Yankee, who reported through spies to Washington that Clinton could easily be captured. Hamilton came into the room while Washington was consulting with the messenger relative to it, who said to the Commander-in-Chief.—"Do not listen for a moment to the suggestion, for if Clinton be captured, the British Ministry will send a capable man to take his place. Clinton is just the man we want."

☞ Dean Swift says, "I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed."

BARON GRANDENIGO'S DAUGHTERS.

The three young daughters of the great Baron Grandenigo having been deprived by death of their mother, who had always rather inclined towards spoiling them, her place was excellently supplied by an ancient female relative, who came unasked to superintend the domestic affairs of the Baron's secluded stronghold among the green mountains. There she regulated the household, jingled the keys, and was especially particular in watching over defences and drawbridge, the baron himself being usually absent at his sovereign's court, or fighting his sovereign's battles; so that old Madame Offugo felt she had a responsibility in her self-imposed task, which made her doubly careful. The three young ladies of Grandenigo were good-natured girls on the whole, but they had their faults like the rest of us; and Madame Offugo made it her study to discover and root out, as far as possible, those noxious weeds which disfigure the otherwise fair and promising parterres. Lisa, Lota, and Lora, as the three young ladies were named, greatly reverenced and respected Madame Offugo; nor had she failed to inspire them with a good deal of awe, though she never scolded them, nor treated them with harshness, but, on the contrary, was always kind and considerate. Yet Madame Offugo had queer ways of her own; and as those were the days, and theirs was the country, when fairies were still authentic facts, it is not in the least surprising that some folks went so far as to hint that Madame Offugo claimed kin with the elfin race.

At Grandenigo they all led a life of comparative retirement, free from the cares, anxieties, and turmoils of the outer world; but this could not be expected to last always, as Baron Grandenigo was a person of importance in the solemn councils of the land, and his daughters would in time be summoned to the sovereign's court—roses and lilies fresh from the mountains, and sweet as their wild-thyme and blooming heather. Madame Offugo did not spare to tell her young charges of their faults, whenever she saw occasion to do so; to warn, exhort, and instruct. To Lisa, the eldest, she would say: "You are prone to search for defects in everything, and not only that, but you see a great many things you ought not to see. People must sometimes walk with a shade over their eyes in this world; ay, even blindfolded it may be. Your eyes are not given to you in order to pick out flaws and to make quarrels, but for good and wise purposes; to be useful, and to behold the glories of a beautiful universe, the work of a beneficent Creator."

Lisa perfectly understood old Madame Offugo's words; for her bright black eyes were dreaded at Grandenigo—poking and peering about everywhere, and into everything, and seeing things in such a manner, that the poor maid said Lady Lisa must surely wear a pair of magnifying-glasses. This did not effect much harm or perplexity in the quiet retreat of Grandenigo; but Lady Lisa was going to a town-life, to a courtly circle, and therefore Madame Offugo lectured her in time, and of course, as all lecturing is, for her "own good."

Lady Lota, though not quick-sighted, like her eldest sister, but, in fact, quite otherwise, made up for that defect by the extraordinary acuteness of her hearing—her ears doing as much mischief, in the way of quarrelling and magnifying, as the Lady Lisa's bright eyes.—Madame Offugo had more than once, and with much majesty and severity, impressed on Lady Lota's mind that well-known adage—applicable at grand baronial Grandenigo as elsewhere—that "listeners never hear any good of themselves." Hence it may be inferred, alas! that the Lady Lota—despite her descent from the ancient Grandenigos—was not wholly free from human failings, or rather, we might more justly say, meannesses. Hence the Lady Lota's temper, it is to be feared, was ruffled and disturbed by not hearing "good of herself;" and if, as Madame Offugo sagely remarked, "good is not spoken of us at home, what shall be said of us in the cold, hard world?"

The Lady Lora, the youngest of the three sisters of Grandenigo, did not make so much use of her eyes and ears as she did of her own little tongue; she retailed what Lisa saw, and what Lota *heard*, fluently, unfailingly, and, we regret to add, exaggeratingly. She did not not like the trouble of doing anything but talk—talk: she left her eldest sister to look about her, and poke and peer here, there and everywhere; she left her second sister to saunter unsuspected, with her ears wide open, because *she* was so near-sighted, and who dare accuse a Grandenigo lady of listening? Now, that troublesome little member, the tongue, can do a world of mischief, as we all know; and Lady Offugo said everything to Lady Lora that was right and true and kind and wholesome on this topic. And the Lady Lora listened with respectful attention, and promised not only to remember what was said, but to try and follow the kind and motherly advice. And so did the Lady Lisa and the Lady Lota; but in the meantime, the unruly eyes and ears and tongue often rebelled, and occasioned a vast deal of petty trouble and vexation among the small community of Grandenigo.

Suddenly Madame Offugo was wanted elsewhere; the drawbridge was let down, and she crossed it quickly, disappearing in the winding road leading up the hillside from Grandenigo, and leaving the three young ladies weeping bitterly, and waving their white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands as the good old lady receded.

"Don't forget us, dear Madame Offugo," said they on parting.

"I will not, my dears," she replied, and she spoke with impressive emphasis.

And now Baron Grandenigo took his three girls away to the court of his sovereign, in the midst of a gay and populous city. The change was very great indeed for young ladies brought up in retirement, like our Lisa, Lota, and Lora; and at first they forgot good old Madame Offugo and her excellent advice and tender admonitions. But as time progressed, they were never out of "hot-water," as the saying is—always getting into trouble, from seeing what ought not to have been seen, hearing what was not meant to be heard, and speaking what it was inconvenient and dangerous to retail; far, far more so here in the city and the courtly circle, than at quiet Grandenigo, sleeping among the pleasant, heathery hills. And their troubles and perplexities so increased, that one evening when they had retired rather earlier than usual, and had dismissed their attendants, and were conversing with terror and dismay on their lamentable position, all three exclaimed together: "Oh, that dear old Offugo was here to direct and aid us. I wonder if she has quite forgotten us by this time; she said she wouldn't."

At that instant, a gentle tap, tap, came to their door, and a little page in green gave in a small packet, silken-bound, addressed to the ladies Lisa, Lota, and Lora. Quickly they opened it, and what did they behold? First the words written in golden type: "*I* have not forgotten you—do not you forget old Offugo." And the contents of the packet? Each sister blushed consciously as she appropriated to herself one of the three gifts it contained; thus proving that they had not altogether forgotten old Offugo's lessons. How the court circle would have laughed and jested had they seen these "remembrances," so carefully bound up with silken cord, and so fondly and reverently received by the sisters in the privacy of their own chamber. And what were they?—what mysterious and inexplicable things to send from a distance to three fair young ladies, daughters of the grand Baron Grandenigo?

First, there was a woven bandage—thick and smooth, flexible and elastic—to bind over the eyes, as if for playing blind-man's-buff. Lady Lisa fitted it on directly; intuitively she understood its meaning and arrangement. Then came a bundle of fine white cotton-wool, rolled up in golden tissue. Lady Lota stuffed some into her ears on the spot. Then, what a funny-looking thing! They all three laughed aloud as the Lady Lora put it into her pretty mouth, though she declared afterwards it became as sweet as a sugar-plum to her taste. But the greatest wonder of these gifts was—proving beyond a doubt that Offugo *must* be a fairy—that although the three fair daughters of Grandenigo continued to wear them at all times and on state occasions, their true significance continued unsuspected. The bandage, by fairy contrivance, only resembled a becoming fillet round the ivory brow; the cotton-wool was hidden by the ebon tresses, so coquettishly disposed for the purpose; and as to the uncourtly *gag*, being inside the mouth, it was not seen at all. A fascinating reticence was the consequence of *that*; and forever afterwards, the ladies of Grandenigo walked through this weary world with far less stumbling and discomfort to themselves, than if they had seen too much, heard too much, and spoken too much by the way.

Some of us in these days need the gifts of a good fairy Offugo, and we might even appropriate all three for our own share; for sometimes, if we desire to live in peace, it is better to tie a bandage over our eyes, and to stuff our ears with cotton-wool, and furnish our mouths with a gag—even though it does not taste like a sugar-plum.

PUTNAM'S CONTEMPT OF DUELLING.—General Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the General went on the ground, armed with swords and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to re-load his gun. "What are you about to do?" exclaimed he; "is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?"—"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the General attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you, and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a Tory, you're a gone dog!" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breach of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.—This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

LUDICROUS INCIDENT.—At the battle of Eutaw Springs, the following ludicrous incident occurred. The Americans had pursued the English so closely that they had taken refuge in a brick dwelling, while in their haste to close the door upon the rapidly advancing Americans, they shut out some of their own officers, who were immediately surrounded by their captors. The Americans were now exposed to a galling fire, from those within the building, and they only found safety by interposing the persons of their captives between themselves and the markemen at the windows. Among the British officers taken, was one Major Barry, who without the slightest resistance, began only with a profound solemnity to enumerate his many titles. "Sir, I am Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British army, Secretary to the commandant of Charleston, captain of the 52nd regiment, &c." "Enough, enough," replied Col. Manning, in whose hands he had fallen, "you are just the man I was looking for. Fear nothing; you shall screen me from danger, and I shall take especial care of you," and with the pompous major held before his person, the American officer secured a safe retreat.

GIVE THE DOGS WATER.—At every place where horses are watered, such as at cab stands, a small tank should be placed for dogs. There are hundreds of wild dogs in Rome without homes or masters, which sleep anywhere in the streets, but you never hear of a mad dog in that city, because there are fountains in every public street, besides numbers in the private courtyards, so that water is abundantly accessible. The dogs come every evening at dusk into the Piazza del Popolo, in droves of twenty or thirty at a time, to drink before going to sleep.—A. A., *Notes and Queries*.

MORE OF THE ADVENTURES
OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

In our last we gave an account from a Southern contemporary of certain proceedings of a Capt. Henri De Riviere. It now appears that Col. F. S. Blount succeeded in reaching Havana before the marriage of Riviere and his daughter, and immediately embarked with the infatuated girl and her mother, for New York. The N. Y. Herald says:

It seems that on his arrival in this city, Col. Blount and family put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Deeming the hotel too public, after the unfortunate notoriety he and his family had acquired, he accepted the invitation of a friend, Dr. De Wees, of 691 Broadway, to stop at his house while he remained in town. Subsequently Col. Blount heard that De Riviere had arrived in town from Havana, by way of Charleston, and, for fear of accidents, he cautioned Dr. De Wees and family to see that his wife and daughter did not leave the house unattended.

On Thursday last an Italian called at the house, and had an interview with Mrs. Blount and daughter. What transpired is not known; but yesterday morning, after breakfast, the two ladies suddenly disappeared, and up to a late hour last night nothing has been heard of them.

They left the house in their morning dresses, with every mark of haste and concealment, and apparently with a desire to avoid notice.

On Col. Blount's return home soon after, he immediately instituted measures to find out the whereabouts of Mrs. Blount and his daughter.

It seems that De Riviere, previous to his duel with Capt. Maury, called upon Mrs. Blount and told her he had a secret of great moment to impart to her. He said that he was not what people commonly supposed—a simple ex-captain in the French army—that he was in fact a nobleman, and heir to large estates, which he was kept out of at present for political and family reasons. He had saved the life of Louis Napoleon, and he had desired him to marry an American lady, &c., &c. As he might fall in the duel about to take place, he begged of Mrs. Blount to keep his secret, and, moreover, see that his body had a fitting burial in consecrated ground.

As might be supposed, the lady was much impressed with these revelations, and solemnly promised to do as he desired. De Riviere, on being wounded, requested to be taken to the house of Col. Blount, where he was cared for by the mother and daughter until he recovered from the effects of his wounds. Meanwhile he improved his time, and being a man of good presence and agreeable manners, he succeeded in securing the affection of Miss Emily Blount, and the consent of her mother to their marriage. This arrangement, however, was not satisfactory to Col. Blount, who had understood that the gallant captain had already one wife living in Philadelphia. This, however, the ladies would not believe, and taking advantage of his temporary absence, took a boat for New Orleans. Miss Emily Blount is about seventeen years of age, and is the heiress, in her own right, of a considerable amount of property.

Captain de Riviere denies that he is married, and no amount of testimony that Col. Blount could produce would convince the ladies to the contrary. The captain admits having kept a mistress, but that is all. The certificate of marriage, "In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, on the ninth day of November, of Henri Guillaume Marie Arnous de Riviere, legitimate son of Henri Guillaume Arnous de Riviere and of Marie Cobin, of St. Aubin, born in the city of Nantes, France, Department of Loire Inferieure, aged twenty-nine years, on one hand, and Jane Bouche, born in the city of Amboise, Department of Indre et Loire, France, aged twenty-five years, on the other hand, in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, in the city of New York, in presence of John F. Purdy and of Antoine Maury, by Rev. A. Lafont," is published in the N. Y. papers.

Riviere was arrested on Sunday evening at the Napoleon Hotel, Hoboken. It required the exercise of considerable shrewdness on the part of the detective officers to effect the arrest. Mrs. Blount was found at the same time and place, but Miss Blount was not. De Riviere was held to bail in the sum of a thousand dollars. It is not stated whether De Riviere and his inamorata have yet been made one, and what will be the next phase of the curious drama is left to conjecture to determine. The swamp could not find a party willing to become his bondsman; and so remained in custody of an officer at the Hotel Napoleon, Hoboken. He was held, on affidavit of Mr. Blount, for *larceny*, in stealing, not the damsel, but her clothing and a gold ring. The infatuated mother still refuses to return to her husband, and "Miss Emily" is secreted somewhere.

NEW YORK, July 9th.—The "gallant Zouave" was to have made his appearance at the Hudson County Court House this morning, for examination, at 10 o'clock. The hour came, but the man was missing, and could not be found—and so, of course, there has been no examination.

It is supposed that Riviere has run away in order to avoid arrest upon a requisition from Gov. King, of this State, upon the Governor of New Jersey, to answer the charge of abduction—but this is mere conjecture. The police, however, are on his track, and expect to ferret him out before night.

In response to a writ of *habeas corpus* served upon the proprietor of the Napoleon Hotel, an affidavit was submitted by that person, stating that neither Mrs. Blount nor her daughter, was restrained of her liberty, at the hotel, nor had she been. The former still remains at the house as a boarder, and the latter is—nobody knows where.

Blount, meanwhile, is going about the city like a madman, hardly knowing what steps to take—baffled as he thus is by "the gallant Zouave" at every step.

The Zouave, by-the-by, emphatically denies that he has, or ever has had, a lady love in Philadelphia, claiming him as her husband. If there is any such person in Philadelphia, he says, it is the easiest thing in the world for her to come out and say so.

Mrs. Blount, in a published letter, declares her intention of submitting to the public a statement of the whole matter to extenuate and justify her own conduct.

THE NEW EAST INDIA BILL.—The terms of the new bill are not essentially different from that of the former ministry. The sovereignty is to be in the name of Great Britain hereafter, and a fifth Secretary of State is to be created, who shall be the minister for India. The secretary is to be assisted by a council of fifteen members, the greater part whom must have resided ten years in India: eight to be nominated by the crown, and eight to be selected from the present court of directors. As vacancies occur the council now created, and the secretary, are alternately to select. The council is not in stated or permanent session, but is to be called together by its president or by five of its members. The council is also to be divided into committees, who can act decisively on the subjects committed to them.

Some objection is made to the self-electing feature, and with propriety, though we see no amendment yet offered to cover the point.

The latest news from India is discouraging, and, probably, much more of misfortune is in store for the English there. The conquest can scarcely proceed with the present force of British in the field, and great difficulty is experienced in getting troops forward. The hot season cripples and embarrasses the army already there.

SALT CHEAP.—Advices from Turk's Island of the 19th of June, report 200,000 bushels of salt on hand. Price nine cents!

MR. RAREY'S SECRET.

Bell's Life in London, in noticing the challenges of several rival horse-tamers to Mr. Rarey, prints the following as Mr. Rarey's veritable secret of Horse-Taming. It is from a Mr. William Ward, of Toronto, Canada West—was written originally to the *Stamford Mercury*:—

"Observing many comments in your valuable paper of late, respecting the American secret of horse-taming, I beg to state the secret has been divulged here for some months, and is now generally known through this province. I here state Mr. Rarey's theory of taming the horse:

"'Having haltered your colt and caressed him, fasten his near fore-foot with a strong strap round the pastern and radius, or forearm; fasten his foot up safe, and make him hop around on three legs till tired; when he is tired, put a strap with noose round the off pastern; make him hop; then pull the strap that is on the off pastern, and he will come on his knees. When on his knees, keep the strap tight, that he cannot get his foot slack to get up. Bear against the horse's shoulder with yours steadily, and he will lie down in a few minutes. When he is down, stroke him the way the hair lies. Take off the straps as soon as he is down. You can now do anything with him you wish, or beat a drum on him, &c., without alarming him. Operate on your horse in this manner as often as occasion requires. I have operated by this theory on some of the wildest and most vicious horses with perfect success.'"

Bell's Life adds:

"Now, we challenge Mr. Rarey to deny that the above is the sum and substance of his so-called secret; and we will open the lists to Mr. Telfer also. If Mr. Rarey cannot satisfactorily prove that he adopts another and a totally different plan, the merit of which is all his own, then we shall feel called upon to denounce him as a humbug and a sham: if he can, we shall be very willing to admit that he is really the clever gentleman he would have us all believe."

The *London Field* says:

"Besides the letters on the subject of horse-taming which we have inserted in our present number of *The Field*, we have also been favored with several for our private information, from which we gather that there is little doubt of the identity in principle between the plans of Mr. Rarey and Mr. Darby. One gentleman assures us broadly that they only differ in one respect, Mr. Rarey bringing up the foreleg to a surcingle by a leather strap, which, he says, is furnished to every subscriber, and which in most cases is the only return they will get. How so many gentlemen could have been persuaded into the belief that there was anything really useful in the secret we are at a loss to know, as it appears to us to be of little or no value. It acts partly on the principle of fear, and partly by the effect which always follows fatigue, both in the human species and among our domestic animals. 'Idleness is the root of all evil,' and work cures numberless vices, so that when the horse is made to tire himself out and feels the superiority of his master, he loses the disposition to vice and mischief *for the time, but for the time only*.

"Another question must be decided before Mr. Rarey's claims to be considered a benefactor to the horse can be admitted. Is his system more humane than that generally adopted in this country? This we cannot positively answer, because we can only guess at its nature; but from what has oozed out we cannot doubt that it depends upon a continuance of a most painful, fatiguing, and constrained position, which is certainly only allowable in such cases as are not manageable in any other way. We advocate a good dogging, either for a boy or a horse, if he has deserved it; but we should never dream of adopting this extreme measure to either when first sent to school, and as a general rule. Then why submit every animal to such torture as is given by the plan advocated? Surely it cannot be required in many colts, for we know that there is no difficulty with forty-nine out of every fifty submitted to the breaker; and if only wanted in one or two per cent. its value is not so very great as the disciples of the new school would lead us to believe.

"But, independently of the absence of any great utility in this process, we believe it is positively injurious if employed in the breaking of colts, as it will be almost certain to cause an increased haste in a proceeding which is already too often hurried. A young horse requires "seasoning," in every respect—not only in his temper, but in his mouth, his muscles, his skin, and his joints; so that if he is ridden before a good mouth has been given him, and before the skin is hardened to the pressure of the saddle, and the muscles and joints accustomed by slow degrees to the increase of weight, irreparable injury is done, and the colt is badly broken. Nothing can give a thoroughly good mouth after once it is rendered dull, and we are satisfied, from experience, that it is quite impossible to make it good in the first instance in less than three or four weeks, or even a longer period. Much time is also required in teaching the colt his proper paces, so that for these several reasons we hold the Rarey plan to be a road to the ruin of our horses if carried out generally. Occasionally it may serve to subdue a wild and unmanageable colt, but not better than the lunging which has been always practised, and we should think with less danger to the animal. We, therefore, strongly counsel our readers to abstain from the attempt to employ this plan in breaking their colts, and to pause before they come to the conclusion that the English have been beaten in this department by any American living. It may prove to be the fact that Mr. Rarey's plan is original, and if so let him have all the credit he deserves; but as we think we have shown this to be little enough, there is no use in quarrelling about it."

LAND WARRANTS.—The demand for land warrants is steadily increasing, in consequence, it is said, of an act passed the last session of Congress, authorizing land warrants issued under the act of 1855 to be received in half payment for the land on the railroad lines held at $2,50 per acre, heretofore payable only in gold. This is an important law, and has advanced the new warrants to the same value as those under the acts previous to 1855. Advices from the land offices at Council Bluffs, and from Kansas, state that the government receives little money for its lands—land warrants being almost the only medium of payment. The prices of warrants at the land office rule at about $1 per acre for the 80s and 160s, and 95 cents for the 320s. In Michigan, two land offices open on the 16th of August. At Traverse City, on the western side of the State, there will be offered some of the choicest grain lands of the State, and at Ionia also. Both these tracts are traversed by three railroads, the Grand Rapids and Indiana, the Flint and Perre Marquette, and the Detroit and Milwaukie. And probably these railroad lands will be on the market at the same time. All these sales tend to make the market in warrants exceedingly active.

AGRICULTURE AND THE PATENT OFFICE.—The opposition exhibited by Congress to the appropriation for agricultural purposes, has induced the Patent Office to make an estimate of the advantages arising from this expenditure. The whole amount appropriated in twenty years amounts to $267,500. The office has reliable data in proof of the assumption that without the increase of capital or labor the farmers of the country are enjoying enhanced profits in their corn crop of $24,000,000 a year, and in the wheat crop of $20,000,000 more; that the new product of Chinese sugar cane will realize a profit of ten dollars per acre on one million of acres this year. This would show a large balance in favor of the Agricultural Bureau.—*N. Y. Times.*

REMARKABLE CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A case of considerable interest has occurred in Monroe county, Ark., which shows how strong a chain of circumstances can arise against an innocent person. Two men, named Passmore and Lewis, had rafts contiguous to each other in White River. An oar escaped from the raft of P., and lodged in the neighborhood of that of L., who secured it, and the former had the latter arrested for stealing it, but he was acquitted. Very naturally L. gave vent to some hard words against P. The latter did not resent them, but vowed his intention to give L. "a hot bed in hell before three days." A short time after, Passmore was seen going in a canoe towards Lewis's raft, armed with a double-barrelled shot gun and a bowie knife. When about a sufficient time had elapsed for P. to reach L.'s raft, two discharges of a gun were heard. Next day Lewis was to deliver his raft at a mill in Clarendon, close by, but as he did not do so, suspicions of something wrong were excited, and a number of persons went to where the raft had been, but it was gone, and no traces of anybody connected with it could be found. Some weeks after this period, a man going up the river found in some drift wood a body whose size and dress answered the description of Lewis's. The body had in it buckshot holes and stabs. Passmore was arrested and held in a heavy bail. Shortly after this the steamer Sam Hale arrived at Clarendon, and the pilot, Bateman, and the captain, Dougherty, cleared Passmore of all suspicion by testifying that they had seen Lewis at Napoleon, three weeks after the occurrence, and that the boat had paid him money that had been owing him. Passmore was of course discharged.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.—A very interesting libel case has just been tried at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The editor of the Telegraph criticised very severely a Fourth of July orator, who had delivered, according to his report, "a mean and contemptible abolition harangue." For this, and for other unflattering comments, the editor, being sued, was cast in a verdict of $450. This was reversed by the full bench, and a new trial granted. On this second hearing, Judge Brown, in a very able and elaborate charge, instructed the jury that the right of editors of public journals to criticise either printed publications or extemporaneous speeches was clear, and must be sustained by the courts; that it was necessary, in order to correct public sentiment; that in doing this, an editor had no right to attack the personal or private character of the author or speaker, and that, in so far as the article in question was an attack upon the plaintiff personally, and not a criticism upon his speech, it was libellous. The Judge, at the same time, told the jury that they were the exclusive judges of whether or no the article, as a whole, was a libel, and if so, what damage the plaintiff sustained by its publication.

The case excited great attention in the locality where the trial was held, and the jury, after a trial of three days and an absence of three hours, found a verdict for the plaintiff for *three cents*.

THE ACQUITTAL OF GEN. LANE.—General Lane, of Kansas, who shot Col. Jenkins, in a dispute about the use of a well of water, has been tried and acquitted. The decision of the Court was to this effect:

"In making out a case against the defendant, it was necessary, first, to prove that a murder had been committed; and, secondly, by General Lane. The prosecution had failed to establish the first. The Court were unanimously of the opinion that no murder had been committed: and as the Territory having failed to establish this primary fact, the only charge contained in the affidavit, the defendant, Gen. Lane, was accordingly discharged."

A correspondent of the Ledger, writing from Lawrence, where the trial was held, says:

"The decision, though generally expected, is not universally approved. Col. S. W. Eldridge denounces it bitterly. He told Justice Ladd, just after the decision, that if he (Eldridge) was ever brought before him, and convicted of any crime, he would shoot him as true as fate. There is nothing in this decision to prevent the Grand Jury indicting Lane, if so disposed. By express statutory provision, the evidence, together with the decision, must be submitted to them by the Clerk of the District Court. The examination having been so full, and, withal, so fair, it is very doubtful whether the Grand Jury will ever cause another proceeding, on the same charge, to be instituted."

A WELL-MIXED RACE.—There is now in Rochester, New York, a man aged one hundred and six years, whose ancestry, together with his own progeny, will exhibit one of the strangest mixtures of races we have ever heard of. His name is John Shanadoah O'Brien, and he was born in Boston, in 1752. His father was an Irishman, and his mother an Indian, of the Oneida tribe. When twelve years old he was sent to France, and there educated as a physician. He returned to America and served in the Revolutionary War; afterward he went back to France, and there married the daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, by whom he had eight children, with her he lived in the United States for some time, and she died. He then married an American woman, descended from the Teutonic line, and after her death married a negress, who was fifty years younger than himself, and by whom he had four children. In his children are united the blood of the Celts, the Teutons, the African, and the North American Indian.

THE COOLIE TRAFFIC.—In the House of Lords, on the 21st of June, the Bishop of Oxford moved for the correspondence between the British Government and the Governor of Hong Kong, respecting the emigration from Hong Kong and China since 1856. His object was to ascertain whether the principle of emigration had been abused, and whether the unfortunate Chinese, under the cover of free emigration, had been induced to leave China for what subsequently proved to be slavery in its worst form.

The Earl of Carnarvon said the emigration of Coolies to the British Colonies has been satisfactorily conducted; but he was bound to admit that in reference to foreign possessions the principle of free emigration had been grossly abused. Government had no objection to produce the papers.

Lord Brougham thought it was the duty of Government absolutely and immediately to prohibit the system.

AGRICULTURAL.—The agricultural bureau of the Patent Office, is making preparations to test the cultivation of tea in this country. The seed will be preserved in China specially for the purpose, planted in glass cases, and shipped in October. By the time of their arrival here they will have sufficiently sprouted to be set out in beds. After being tested here, the plants, if successful, will be distributed among the Southern States. Arrangements are also making to commence a nursery for the growth of ornamental trees for the public grounds of this and other cities. They can be supplied from a public nursery at one-twentieth of their present cost. Such is the estimate of the Interior department.

AN HEROIC WOMAN.—Mrs. Nichols, the wife of the unfortunate captain of the Grotto, which recently arrived at New York, with yellow fever on board, accompanied her husband on his voyage, and notwithstanding the shocking fact of her partner's unexpected demise, finding it imperative that her aid must be rendered in navigating the vessel—for all but two of the crew were stricken with the plague—she nobly smothered the anguish which she felt, and lent her services in working the ship. When the vessel was spoken by the steam-tug, off Fire Island, this heroic lady was at the wheel, performing work far beyond what ordinarily could have been expected of any woman.

UTAH MOVEMENTS.—Orders have been sent dividing the Utah Army, in case of no resistance being offered.

Eight companies of the Second Dragoons, Majors Phelps and Reynolds' Batteries, the —— Artillery, the Fifth and Tenth, and probably the Seventh Regiments of Infantry, will remain in Utah.

The 4th Artillery, and two companies of the 2nd Dragoons, will occupy the district of the Platte. The 1st Cavalry is directed to remain in the Plains as late as practicable, and keep the Indians in subjection.

The 8th and 9th Infantry proceed to Oregon, in view of the recent intelligence from the Pacific of Indian hostilities.

Majors Harris and Hart's Batteries are ordered to return to Fort Leavenworth.

The corps of Engineers now with the battalion of Sixth Infantry are to return to West Point after completing the work of opening a road to Camp Scott, via Cheyenne Pass.

The troops which accompanied Captain Marcy from New Mexico, return to that Department.

Brig. Gen. Harney is ordered to return to St. Louis, and assume command of the West, unless he may have received intelligence of the forcible opposition of the Mormons to the army now in Utah, in which case he is empowered to send forward the whole of the reinforcements and continue with them to Utah, or return to take command of his Department, as he may prefer.

Lieut. Col. Cressman and Capts. Furney and Paige are assigned to duty in Utah.

Capt. Hancock is ordered to proceed with the regiment of infantry to the Pacific.

The officers of the Topographical Engineers hitherto assigned to duty with the troops at Utah, are ordered to report to Gen. Johnston.

The recruits and officers destined for the corps now in Utah, are to proceed to that department.

Assistant Adjt. General Buell remains attached to the staff of Gen. Harney.

The paymaster farthest in advance will go through with his funds to Utah. The other remains on duty in the Department of the Platte.

The force assigned to this department is expected to keep communication open between the Missouri River and Utah, and is now under the orders of Brig. Gen. Johnston.

An express arrived from Utah yesterday.—The dates are old, and contain nothing additional.

Gen. Harney was at Fort Kearney on the 29th of June.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT AND SEARCH.—The London Times, of a late date, gives the following as the present aspect of this question:

"In time of peace there is no right either of search or of visitation, unless it has been conceded by express treaty; but in suspicious cases cruisers may, at their own risk, satisfy themselves of the nationality of a vessel bearing the American flag. The United States ask for no privilege in favor of foreign ships which unlawfully assume the national colors; and, on the other hand, the English Government disclaims all intention of interfering with American vessels. When mistakes are committed, the injured party is entitled to redress, and if they are made repeatedly, a presumption arises that they must have been caused by an erroneous system of excessive activity. It is agreed on all hands that an English man-of-war may seize a Spanish slaver, although every mast is decked out with the stars and stripes; and it is equally certain that an American trader may load a cargo of slaves with impunity in full view of the whole English squadron. Where there is no dispute as to the legal doctrine, a practical collision can only be occasioned by extreme awkwardness on the one side, or by wilful animosity on the other. It is true that a cause of offence still remains in the presence of an English force exercising a watch over the coast of Cuba; but the President's Government is in some degree responsible for the measure, and Mr. Fitzgerald has informed the House of Commons that the English Ministry have prudently resolved to send the squadron back to the coast of Africa. It would have been better that the concession should never have become necessary, but it is wiser to repair a mistake than to persevere in it. A gentleman who has exercised the right of shooting on his own outlying field, in the immediate vicinity of his neighbor's best preserve, cannot renounce his undoubted right when he finds that a coldness has arisen; but, if he is a prudent and moderate man, he will, on a future occasion, choose his beat in a different direction."

PAPER HANGINGS.—The decorative character now given to paper hangings renders them surpassingly beautiful as specimens of art.—To produce this appearance various means are resorted to, independent of the mere use of colors. Some specimens have a glossy ground, to which the attractive name of satin is applied; this effect is produced by the careful application of polishing powder to a surface painted the proper tint. Some have an appearance imitative of figured or watered silk, produced by passing the paper between slightly-heated rollers, which have the requisite design engraved upon them. Some have a cloth-like appearance, produced in a singular way; the device is printed on the paper with gold size, and over this is sprinkled colored flock, which consists of woollen cloth cut or ground to a powder. Some of the striped papers are produced in a very remarkable way. The paper travels over a revolving cylinder, and in its passage touches against the open bottom of a trough, whence a continuous stream of liquid color falls upon it; blended or shaded patterns are produced by a modification of this process. Bronzed, gilt or silvered papers are produced by printing a device with gold size, and applying the metallic adornment in the state either of powder or of leaf.

LOOKING-GLASSES.—The manufacture of silvered mirrors, as at present carried on, is one of the most curious among the modern arts. The process of thus silvering glass mirrors is very simple. The sheet of tin-foil, somewhat larger than the mirror, is laid upon a smooth table, and quicksilver poured over it until it covers the tin-foil with a thickness of one-tenth of an inch or more; when the mercury has been swept by the edge of a stick to clean off the drops from its surface, the glass plate, scrupulously clean, is brought even with the edge of the table, and pushed gently forward sideways, so as to slide over the bath of mercury, its edge just dipping beneath its surface, so as to push before it all impurities, and to exclude all air-bubbles. Weights are then evenly applied over the back of the mirror, and the whole table inclined to such an angle as to favor the drawing off of the superfluous mercury. This requires some days or weeks, according to the size of the plate. Here is an additional risk and cost in large mirrors, since the time consumed is not small, and the danger of fractures imminent. The amalgam sometimes crystalizes, producing imperfections which require the renewal of the whole process; and the health of those engaged in it also suffers, and is finally destroyed by mercurial salivation.

THE female portion of mankind will be interested in the announcement of a late invention, by which shawls are manufactured, so that the external appearance of the garment may be varied in three or four ways, so that a single shawl may be made to present the external characteristic appearance of three or more distinct articles of wearing apparel. Under one modification, the shawl is made of the cut pile fabric known as chenille, to the ordinary fringe of which is attached a secondary fringe, either of another color, or made of a different fibrous material. These shawls may be so woven and made as to present a distinct appearance upon each side of the fabric.

NEWS ITEMS.

DEATH OF ONE OF LOLA MONTEZ'S HUSBANDS.—Patrick Purdy Hull, well known as the publisher and for a considerable period the principal proprietor of the Town Talk newspaper, died at Marysville, California, on the 21st of May. Mr. Hull was a native of Ontario, New York. He was a printer by profession, and was about thirty-six years of age when he died. Mr. Hull will be recollected by many as having been one of Lola Monter's husbands.

CURIOUS.—At about a quarter past 8 o'clock on the 5th inst., I was passing through North street, Mile-end, when a piece of ice, measuring two inches and three-eighths in length, about an inch and a half in breadth, and one inch in thickness, fell in the road. It may be interesting to know that this occurred immediately after a vivid flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder, and that the thermometer stood at that time at 60. I have since heard of a similar piece having been picked up at the same time.—*William Stacy, London Hospital.*

TO PREVENT SUN-STROKES.—A few green leaves, worn inside of the crown of the hat, it, is said, will secure one against all danger from sun-stroke. A friend, who tried the experiment during some of the warmest days, found that his head became far less heated than usual, when protected by two or three grape leaves. Farmers, and others who are exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, should try this method of protecting themselves.

MASSACHUSETTS expects to realize 850,000 a year out of her dog-tax. The town of Leicester pays $180 a year; the average tax paid by the towns is about $150.

JEWELS FOR THE MERMAIDS.—It has been computed that there are eight hundred millions in gold and jewels at the bottom of the route between England and India.

A NIECE of Lord Rosse is preparing for publication a most elaborate table of the planetary system, describing the exact size of the planets, their distance from the sun, and the several periods of time they take in their various motions, with many valuable particulars supplied by her learned and scientific relative.

BOSTON had, at its celebration on Monday week, a novelty. All the bands gave a morning concert on the Common, and the Light Artillery Company kept time to the music in the firing of cannon. The lanyard (string by which the priming tube is exploded) was in the hands of gentlemen skilled in music, and was pulled at the precise instant indicated in the music score, by the arranger of the music.

THE Fry libel suit against the New York Herald, after having been tried several times, has been finally settled by the New York Supreme Court, affirming the result of the last trial, when a verdict of $6,000 was given for the plaintiff.

GENERAL CALHOUN'S commission, as Surveyor General of Kansas and Nebraska, having expired on the 3rd of July, the President has tendered the office to General Ward B. Burnett, of New York.

THERE are only twenty-six towns in Massachusetts without a Congregational Church. The remaining have from one to fourteen each, Boston having the last number; and several other cities, such as Lowell, Worcester, and Salem, have four or five churches each. There has been a gain of 1,808 members in the churches the past year. The gain next year will be larger, as a majority of the recent converts have not yet become connected with the churches.

STRAWBERRIES IN NEW JERSEY.—Capt. Hawkey informs the Bergen County Journal that 1,100 wagons, containing 1,500,000 baskets of strawberries, passed over the turnpike last week. Four hundred and eighty-seven wagons passed in three nights—eight hours a night—24 hours.

QUEEN VICTORIA A GRANDMOTHER.—Queen Victoria, it is hinted, will appear in the venerable character of a grandmother in the course of a few months, when a pledge of the loves of Prince Frederick William and his wife will be presented to the loyal people of Prussia. This title has not been a common one in the royal family of England for many years, there having been but two grandmothers in that family from the death of Queen Caroline, wife of George II., in 1739, down to the birth of Queen Victoria's first child.

IT is an interesting fact, that iron is now relatively one of the cheapest of metals, costing from about a cent a pound in its crudest and lowest state—pig iron, at the point of its cheapest production, up to five or six cents a pound for its purest and rarest qualities. In its refined and carbonized form of steel, it was, not long since, worth twenty-five cents per pound, in this country; but the cost of the steel-making process has been rapidly reduced, by recent discoveries and improvements, until steel is hardly double the value of the better qualities of iron. New steel-making processes are constantly being brought forward.

SEEDING FROM THE UNITARIANS.—The Boston (Mass.) Courier, of the 5th inst., says:—Rev. James I. T. Coolidge preached his farewell sermon yesterday morning to the Society of the Thirteenth Congregational Church, in Harrison Avenue. It is generally known that Mr. Coolidge has experienced a change of faith, and that he now embraces the views of the orthodox churches.

SEA ISLAND CROPS.—The Charleston (South Carolina) Mercury learns that the cotton and rice crops all through the Sea Island region of that State, are very promising and in excellent condition.

A PUGILISTIC GOVERNOR.—A letter from Florida states that Governor Perry recently hailed the stage on the line between Micanopy and the terminus of the Florida Railroad, and requested the driver to diverge a few hundred yards from his course, to take aboard some lady passengers. John obstinately refused, hot words ensued, and the Governor pitched in and gave the fellow a sound drubbing.

"HEAD WORK."—The Charleston (South Carolina) Mercury, of the 3rd inst., says:—"On the night of the recent fire in Queen street, a negro fireboy, while in the upper story of Messrs. Hayne & Yates's warehouse, accidenty fell out of one of the rear windows, a distance of thirty feet, to the ground, and brought his head, fortunately for his life, in contact with the head of a whiskey barrel. The result was, the barrel leaked.

GREAT SAVING IN PAPER.—The London Times is about to be printed on the best paper, at a saving of two cents per pound—which, on their edition of several tons per day, is equal to $100,000 a-year. It will soon be used on the Illustrated London News, and all the leading London periodicals—it having been tested, and found in every respect superior to the paper heretofore used for printing dry—giving a clear, sharp impression, so desirable in the working of wood engravings.

HOT WEATHER IN EUROPE.—We on this side of the Atlantic are not alone in our affliction, the weather is equally hot in England, so hot, indeed, that the bench and bar of the Court of Exchequer, in London, found it necessary to lay aside their full-bottomed wigs. The heat broke in upon precedent, and set aside temporarily a ridiculous custom which argument and ridicule had failed to remove. Punch says the "cold shade of the aristocracy" is particularly grateful to sit in just now.

A GRAND COUNCIL of Baptist Churches was recently held in Williamsburgh, N. Y., called by Judge Culver, to review the evidence on which he was lately expelled from the First Baptist Church there. Ex-Gov. Fletcher of Vermont, and Ex-Gov. Briggs of Massachusetts were among the members of the Council. Judge Culver was declared vindicated, and he and Mrs. Brown, the lady with whom he was charged with improper conduct, were pronounced to be fit members of any Baptist Church.

A ONE-EYED COLT.—The Richmond (Kentucky) Messenger mentions a freak of nature which is without a parallel in the animal kingdom. It is a colt with only one eye. It was foaled on the farm of Mr. Roberts, in Madison county. The eye is considerably larger than the usual size, and in the middle of the forehead.

DAMAGES BY THE FLOODS.—The partial subsidence of the waters of the western rivers begins to reveal the extent of the damages which the great floods of the spring and summer have effected. The American Bottom, below Alton, Illinois, it is stated, presents an unwonted appearance. The bridges are wrecks, the plank roads washed away and the embankments gone. Acres and acres of crops are destroyed, peach trees ruined, wood floated away, corn and potatoes inundated to death. The water is now falling on the Bottom very fast, and some of the farmers are planting again.

NORFOLK, VA., July 9.—The captain and crew of the schooner Francis French are being tried at the Hastings Court in Smithfield, on the charge of stealing slaves. Thompson, the steward, plead guilty, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

THE officers of the steamer Styx, now at Halifax, are said to be "highly amused at the American version of their proceedings."

AN ITEM FOR COTTON PLANTERS.—The Belton (Texas) Independent says:—"In the Patent Office Report of 1855, we find that Townsend Glover, Esq., who is a scientific man, and who was employed by the Department for that purpose, has made a report of his investigations regarding insects. He reports that spiders, Carolina tiger beetle, the predatory beetle, devil's coach horse, lohneumon fly, Syrphus, lady-bird and the lace-wing fly are very beneficial to the cotton plant, being constantly engaged in destroying those insects which feed off the cotton stalk and its product.

THE HAY CROP.—The present season's hay crop promises to be a large and fine one, in most parts of the country. In the vicinity of Boston, and, in fact, in all Massachusetts and New England, farmers are engaged in cutting a heavy crop of grass, and if the weather continues favorable it is calculated they will raise the finest crop of hay ever yet produced in that section of the country. From other hay-producing parts of the country the accounts are favorable to a large crop.

ICEBERGS.—Large icebergs have been encountered recently, about the Banks of Newfoundland. Probably being the cause of the recent cool weather, when the wind was east.

CHANCE TO BET A FARM.—The quantity of land advertised to be sold under the President's proclamation, in California, next February, is over 5,000,000 acres.

A NOVEL INVENTION.—C. Malitz, a manufacturer of pianos at Berlin, has taken out a patent for a new method by which octaves are produced on the piano, by striking a single key.

OUR exchanges come to us laden with Fourth of July orations, descriptions of fire-works, &c. There were fewer accidents, we are happy to learn, than have been known for many years.

THERE is an old lady now living in the town of Blooming Grove, Orange county, New York, by the name of Diana Brooks. She is one hundred and fourteen years old, and yet is intelligent and active, and walks half-a-mile to church every Sabbath. She was thirty-two years old when the Declaration of Independence was made. We believe that Mrs. Brooks is the oldest person now living in the United States.

A MAN, named Gorman, went into the water to bathe, on Sunday week, at Boston, and not being a good swimmer was drowned, whereupon a coroner's jury "sat" upon his body, and returned for their verdict—"That he came to his death by having, *in violation of the city ordinances*, gone into the water about 2¼ o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 27th, &c."

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—A few days ago, a young man, named Healy, was sitting in front of a mowing machine, fixing the knives, when the horses started, cutting both his legs off, and causing his death in a few minutes, near Falsington, Bucks county, Pa.

THERE is one phase of the hog trade in Cincinnati in which every one is not posted up. The first one who is sharp enough to spy out a new litter of pigs, no matter how great the number, puts his private mark upon them and then lets them run; they are then considered his property. In a year and a-half they become splendid porkers, without any trouble or expense to the owner, who gathers them up in the fall and sells them. We actually knew one man to gather up fifty-seven one fall, which netted him $570 and upwards, and that without any outlay on his part.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MR. JOHN M. BERNHISEL, delegate in Congress from Utah, has published an Appeal to the Public, in relation to the march of the army towards Salt Lake City. He declares that the Mormons' profession of a desire for peace is honest, and expresses a fear that the misstatements which he charges upon the press of the country will have the effect of prejudicing the public mind against the Saints. He adds a threat that war will yet ensue, if the army persists in the pursuit of the Mormons.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUSIN.—An Irish paper announces the death, on the 3rd ult., of Mrs. Hemphill, of Straw, near Newtonstewart, in her 84th year. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. W. McFarland, of Leardan, who married Maria, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Buchanan, of Tattyreagh, near Omagh, and was first cousin to the Hon. James Buchanan, now President of the United States of America.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—On Coast Harbor Island, near Newport, R. I., there is a well so situated, that the tide ebbs and flows into it every six hours, and yet the water is always perfectly soft, and free from any brackish taste.

THE tax levy for municipal purposes in New York for the year has been finally fixed at $8,470,741, an increase of half a million over last year.

THE steamers run between Charleston, S. C., and Philadelphia, at the reduced rate of $15 for cabin, and $5 for steerage passage, and make the voyage in forty hours. From Charleston to New York they run also at reduced rates, $20 for cabin and $6 for steerage passage, and make the distance in forty-eight hours. This is cheap travelling.

THE Boston Post publishes a letter from Fall River, which states that on the 1st inst., as the diggers of a well upon Dr. Durfee's estate, in the north part of the city, were blasting, they were surprised by a stream of water bursting forth, throwing a jet some forty feet above the surface of the ground. The stream is clear as crystal, and almost boiling hot. What makes it more singular is, the spot is one of the highest in the city.

NEW USES FOR COTTON.—A gentleman, named Legare, of South Carolina, has succeeded in making articles of furniture out of cotton—made so compact, as to be hard as wood. Out of the same material he has obtained a fire and water-proof substance, suitable for walls of buildings, and capable of any amount of building and relief. A house, it is said, may be built from foundation to roof-tree of compressed cotton, nearly as hard as stone, and quite as impenetrable to the elements; and it may be built in half the time it would take to lay the bricks in a brick house of the same size, and at about one-third of the cost.

HOOPS AS A SAFEGUARD FROM SAVAGE DOGS.—In West Roxbury, a few days since, as a lady was making a call upon her friends, an Irish girl in one of the adjoining yards loosed a savage watch dog, which immediately jumped the fence and attacked the lady, tearing her dress and skirts into shreds, from her waist down. In the attack the steel hoops became so twisted around the jaws of the dog as to prevent his tearing her flesh, which he only missed by the thickness of one garment. The dog, to extricate himself from the hoops, left, to the great relief of the lady, who was very much frightened.

MR. GOUGH AND THE NEW ENGLISH SYSTEM.

A striking instance of the advantage of the new method of trial, by which the parties to suits are allowed, and may be required, to undergo examinations as witnesses, is presented by the case of Gough versus Lees, lately tried in the English Court of Exchequer. The plaintiff in this case was the celebrated Temperance lecturer. The defendant was also a Temperance lecturer, but employed in the service of another, and in some respects an antagonistic association. Mr. Gough, as appeared from his own testimony, is at present, and has been for four or five years, in the service of two British Temperance Societies, the National League and the Scottish League, which pay him at the rate of ten guineas, upwards of fifty dollars, a lecture. He delivers in a year two hundred lectures, so that his income from this source exceeds ten thousand dollars a year. The object of the two Societies for which Mr. Gough lectures, he stated to be to eradicate drunkenness by persuasion and prohibition. The rival Society, called the United Kingdom Alliance, for which Dr. Lees, the defendant, lectures, seems to rely more exclusively on legal restraint, advocating an enactment of the character of the Maine Law. The libels charged were contained in letters addressed to a Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of large fortune, residing near Nottingham, and who takes a warm interest in the Societies for which Mr. Gough lectures.—Provoked at an attack upon a Mr. Sinclair, another Temperance lecturer, which Dr. Lees falsely ascribed to Mr. Gough, he charged him in these letters with being addicted to the use of opium, not only insisting that Mr. Gough had been seen "narcotically and helplessly intoxicated," but asserting that, unless he did not know what drugging was, he had himself seen him in that condition.

These charges coming to the knowledge of Mr. Gough, he hastened to bring his action, for the sole purpose of establishing their falsity. With this object in view, under the new English practice, he offered himself as a witness, and swore positively that he had never used opium in any form in his life, and that since he took the pledge, in 1842, he had never tasted spirits, except when in a sickness, in 1845, in which his life was despaired of. It was given to him as a medicine. Against this positive denial on the part of Mr. Gough himself the defendant had nothing to offer, and he therefore found it necessary, by way of escaping heavy damages, to retract the charge he had made.

Under the old system, an action for slander, even though the plaintiff obtained a judgment in his favor, often left the truth of the charges exceedingly doubtful. By the new method, the party accused is not only able to offset the accusation by his own denial, under oath, but in subjecting himself to a cross-examination, he affords the strongest guaranty of his truth. At the same time he places the accuser, who is not ready to back up his charges by himself taking the stand, in the position in which Dr. Lees found himself—that of retracting a charge in support of which he had previously offered himself as a witness.—*New York Tribune.*

LATER FROM MEXICO.—NEW ORLEANS, July 9.—The bark Brilliant from Vera Cruz has arrived, bringing files of the papers of that city to the 26th ult. Business was prostrate. The vomito prevailed among the soldiery, but the health of the citizens was in a good condition. An earthquake occurred on the 18th, killing fifty persons.

Advices from the City of Mexico state that British and French Ministers advise the payment of the forced loan. The protest of the American Minister, Mr. Forsyth, opposes the payment of the loan, and demanded his passports. He is awaiting instructions. Generals Vidaurri and Garza were marching upon the Capitol. Gen. Echegaraay had retreated to Jalapa. Gen. Osollos having ordered the San Louis Potosi sales to be closed, he has been recalled by Zuloaga. The contribution will be stringently enforced. The dates from Yucatan are to the 30th. The Government had imposed a duty of fifty cents on the barrel, upon foreign and home flour, from the 16th of August. An earthquake had been felt at Minatitlan.

☞ Whatever may be the reputation of a man while alive, when dead he is generally allowed to be a *finished* gentleman.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop ₩ lb	10 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	6 a8
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Flanks and navels corned	8 a 9	Pork.	
Tongues, fresh	63 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Leg, each	16 a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	2½ a3	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	1.75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet, ₩ set	18½a25
Hind "	1.00a1.25	Trips, ₩ lb	4 a 8
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Lard "	10 a13
Calves head, each	25 a37	Hams, a'mod	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	New pot's (N J), ₩ lb	6
Rhubarb, bunch	3 a 4	Cabbages, ₩ head	3 a10
Onions, ₩ qt	7	Beets, ₩ doz	10
Radishes, ₩ hundred bunches	1.50a2.00	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Asparagus, bunch	10 a18	Corn pot's, ₩ bus	1.00a1.37½
Beans, potatoes, ₩ basket	1.25	Onions, bus	60
		Peas, ₩ basket	60 a62½

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	1.00a1.50	Huckleberries ₩ qt	25
Do ₩ pk	25 a31	Blackberries	16
Currants ₩ quart	12	Raspberries, ₩ qt	40

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50 a87	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1.25	Sab Pig'on, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecons) ₩ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl, 10,00	15,00
Do, ₩ M	15,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	8 a10
		Clams, M	2.00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	18 a25	Salt do, lb	1½
Roll "	14 a20	Mackarel	10
Eggs, doz	14 a15	Smk'd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5 a 8	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	4 a 6	Sweetcake, cake	2
Halibut, lb	6 a 8	Salmon	31 a37
Fresh Shad	12 a31	Sheep cad ₩ lb	2

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 10, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Solvent banks ½ dis
New banks 1½ to 5 dis
Relief notes ½ dis
Tioga & Shamo'kin no sale

NEW JERSEY.

Solv bks par to ½ dis

DELAWARE.

Solv bks par to ½ dis

MARYLAND.

Baltimore ½ dis
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis

NEW YORK.

Solv bks par to ½ dis

MAINE.

Solv bks ½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Solv bks ½ dis

VERMONT.

Solv bks ½ dis

CONNECTICUT.

Solv bks ½ dis

MASSACHUSETTS.

Solv bks ½ dis

RHODE ISLAND.

Solv bks ½ dis

VIRGINIA.

Solv bks 1 dis

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Solv bks ½ dis

NORTH CAROLINA.

Solv bks 1½a2 dis

GEORGIA.

Solvent banks 1 dis

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Solv bks 1 dis

ALABAMA.

Solv bks 1 to 5 dis

MISSISSIPPI.

All bks uncertain

LOUISIANA.

Solv bks 1 dis

OHIO.

Solv bks 1 dis

KENTUCKY.

Solv bks 1 dis

INDIANA.

State bank 1 dis

ILLINOIS.

Solv bks 2½ dis

MISSOURI.

Solv bks 1 dis

TENNESSEE.

Old banks 2½ dis

MICHIGAN.

Solv bks 1½ dis

WISCONSIN.

Solv bks 1½ dis

TEXAS.

Commercial and Agricultural bank
Galveston 5 dis

CANADA.

Solv bks 1½ dis

A FATAL HOOP.—On the evening of the 28th ult., several young girls were bathing in the Mississippi, near Davenport, Iowa, when a young German girl, who was a good swimmer, ventured too far out, and, becoming entangled in a hooped skirt, was carried away by the current and drowned.

MME. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has sold her residence at Dresden, and settled finally down in a villa near London.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. C M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

These Bitters are sold at 75 cents per bottle, by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere

P. K

Travellers are always liable to sudden attacks of *Dysentery* and *Cholera Morbus*, and these occurring when absent from home are very unpleasant. PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER may always be relied upon in such cases. As soon as you feel the symptoms, take one teaspoonful in a gill of new milk and molasses and a gill of hot water, stir well together and drink hot. Repeat the dose every hour until relieved. If the pains be severe, bathe the bowels and back with the medicine, clear.

In cases of *Asthma* and *Phthisic*, take a teaspoonful in a gill of hot water sweetened well with molasses; also, bathe the throat and stomach faithfully with the medicine, clear.

Dr. Sweet says it takes out the soreness in cases of bone-setting faster than anything he ever applied.

Fishermen, so often exposed to hurts by having their skin pierced with hooks and fins of fish, can be much relieved by bathing with a little of the Pain Killer as soon as the accident occurs; in this way the anguish is soon abated; bathe as often as once in five minutes, say three or four times, and you will seldom have any trouble.

The bites and scratches of dogs or cats are cured by bathing with the Pain Killer clear. Great success has been realized by applying this medicine as soon as the accident occurs.

DO YOU SUFFER after eating, or from acidity of the stomach, heart burn, water brash, wind, burning sensation, or indigestion? Immediate relief can be obtained by using the Oxygenated Bitters

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Dullness has been the most prominent feature of the Flour market this week, there being an almost total absence of any export demand, but as the receipts are small, being hardly adequate to the wants of the home consumers, holders have been enabled to maintain former quotations. The advices from Europe are again unfavorable, and of a character which must forbid for the present shipments to that quarter. Only about 2500 bbls were disposed of at $4.25 ₩ bbl for good superfine; $4,62½@5 for extra and extra family. The sales to the home consumers have been within the range of these figures for these grades, and $5,50@6 for fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been exceedingly quiet, there being very little demand for either. Small sales of the former at $3,31½, and 800 bbls of the latter at $3.37½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat have again been very light, but they are fully adequate for the demand, as the millers are purchasing only to supply present wants, and are holding off in anticipation of early receipts of the new crop, prices have undergone no change. Sales of 10,000 bush at $1@1,05 for fair and prime red, and $1,10@1,15 for white. Rye is in steady demand. Sales of 500 bush Penna at 70@71c. Corn is in good request at a further advance. Sales of 30,000 bush yellow at 78@81c, afloat, and 76@79c, in store, including some white at 75c. The receipts of Oats have suddenly fallen off, and prices have advanced. Sales of 15,000 bush Penna at 39@41c, closing at the latter rate, and Southern at 40c.

PROVISIONS—The movements in all descriptions have been of an unimportant character, and the accounts from the West being rather encouraging, prices have been stationary. Sales of Mess Pork at $16,75@17. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship'astores at $15@17, cash. Dried Beef is dull. Bacon has been but little inquired after, and to effect sales to any extent, some concession from present asking rates would have to be accorded to. Prices have ruled rather irregularly, ranging from 10@11½c for Hams; 8@8½c for Sides, and 6@6½ cts for Shoulders—the latter rate for the best city smoked. Lard has been but little inquired after, but as the receipts and stocks are light, holders continue to demand former figures. Sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 12½@13c. Of the latter the market is near y bare. Butter continues very dull. Sales of solid packed at 10@12c ₩ lb, and Roll at the same figures. Cheese has declined. Eggs are selling at 10@12c, the former rate for Ohio.

COTTON—The market has been quiet, the manufacturers purchasing only to supply immediate wants, but prices have been firm; sales of 650 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for inferior up to 13½c ₩ lb cash, for middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark are small, and the stock being light holders are firm at last week's quotations. Sales of 50 hhds No 1 at $30 ₩ ton. Tanner's Bark is dull at $11@12 ₩ cord for Chestnut, and $12-13 for Spanish Oak, as to quality.

BEESWAX—Is but little inquired after. Sales of good Yellow at 31 ₩ lb cash.

COAL—The receipts have been light this week, but fully equal to the demand, which continues moderate for the season, and prices exhibit no alteration.

FEATHERS—But few offering; good Western are worth 44@47c ₩ lb cash.

FRUIT—The market is well supplied. Dried Fruit is dull. Dried Apples range from 5½ to 5½c ₩ lb. Green Fruit is more abundant, and is selling quite freely.

HEMP is unchanged. An invoice has been sold on private terms.

HIDES are held quite firmly, but no further sales have been reported. An invoice of 4580 Porto Cabello and Laguayra has just arrived.

HOPS are rather dull, the excitement at the east having subsided, and prices range at 7@9c ₩ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market has been extremely quiet, the sales of Pig Metal being confined to small lots of anthracite from store at $21, $20 and $19 ₩ ton for the three numbers, cash. Prices of Scotch Pig are entirely nominal, as it is unsaleable. Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron are but little inquired after. We continue, however, former quotations.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here in first hands, and no sales have transpired.

LEATHER—The market is well supplied with the inferior descriptions of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but for these there is no inquiry. Prime qualities meet a good demand at former quotations.

LUMBER—Of all kinds continues extremely dull. Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards have been effected at $12@13 ₩ M, and White Pine Susquehanna at $15@17. Hemlock Raft Lumber is selling at $8. Laths range from $1,25 to $1,30 ₩ M.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed continue trifling and taken on arrival at $4,50@4 62½ ₩ 64 lbs. Parcels to wanted, but there is none offering. Timothy is neglected.

TALLOW meets a limited demand. Small sales City Rendered at 9½c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—Prices have undergone no change since our last notice, and there is very little demand for the article.

WOOL—Supplies are coming forward more freely and the manufacturers are purchasing only to a limited extent. Sales of 75,000 lbs Western at 33a42c ₩ lb, for common and full blood.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 10.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is quiet; sales of 9000 bbls. Wheat heavy; 2000 bush sold at 162 @ 163c for Western red. Corn generally firm; sales of 12 000 bush; mixed Corn in dwelling; sales at 65@76c, white quotes at 81c. Lard is buoyant at 11@11½c.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures.

THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

DR D JAYNE: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS, but supposing they proceeded from worms, I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him.

ALFRED McKINNEY

ANOTHER CURE.

BURLINGTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov '56

DR D JAYNE: Dear Sir—About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE, and a few SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,

CEPHAS CLARKE

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.

MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth

THOS. WOODS, WM KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W FORREST,
GEO S SANDERS, JAS M JONES,
J R MOORE

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr D Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success.

B. BRECKENRIDGE

ANOTHER CURE.

LARKSVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58

DR. D. JAYNE: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment has completely failed to cure me. I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,

SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. jul2-6t

From the Missouri Democrat

Upon Prof O. J Wood, of St. Louis, fortune has conferred the honor of having discovered a balsamic preparation, which not only promotes the growth of, and beautifies the hair in a high degree, but restores it when it is gone, or turns it to its original color after it has become gray, fastens it to the scalp, and effectually destroys such cutaneous eruptations as may have been engendered by the use of dyes, essential oils and other injurious applications. The many respectable testimonials which are offered in its favor, from every part of the country in which it has been introduced, leaves no loop for a skeptic to hang a doubt on. It is supplanting all other specifics for the hair, and enjoys a popularity which no other has ever attained. Buy it—test it—and rejoice that your attention has been directed to it.

CAUTION. Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct		
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '68		—
" 5 " '65		—
Phila 6 per ct	98	98½
" " new	101½	101¾
" 5 "	—	88
Cam City 6 per ct	—	—
Pitts 6 per ct	—	73
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allg'y City 6 per ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" " R R's 6 "	43	—
Penn 5 "	—	88
" 5 coupon	93½	93½
Tenn 6 per ct	93	93½
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	103
Missouri 6's	84½	—
Penn R R 6 per ct	99	99½
2d mort loan '63	—	87
C & Am R R 6 per ct	79	80
P G & N R R "	95	—
Readings R R "	75½	76
" mort "	87½	88
" " '65	86½	87
Lehigh Valley 6's	97½	97
Ches Val R R 6's	72	73
Tioga R R " 6's	80	—
Phil W & B's	—	—
" R R 6 per ct	98½	97
Long I R R "	—	90
Sch Nav 6 per ct	84½	—
Lehigh Nav "	96	97
" Mort "	102	102½
C & D 6's	78	80
Sus & Tid 7's	50	100
Union Canal	33	37
Will'mse & Elmira		
1st mort 7 per ct	64	65
2d " "	48	49
Catawissa "	—	40
North Pa. 6 per ct	53½	55
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	99½	99
Pennsylvania	41½	42
Beaver Meadow	52½	53½
North Penna	9	9½
Phil Ger & Nor	52½	53½
Reading	23	23½
Minehill	63½	67½
Har & Lan	56	56
Ches Val	5½	5
Tioga "	—	—
" preferred "	—	—
P W & Balt	31½	32
Long Island	11½	12
Wil'sport & Elm	—	10½
Catawissa	6½	7
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8½	—
" preferred	15	16
Lehigh Nav	45	—
Morris Conso'd	40	—
" preferred	10½	—
C & Del	40	45
Union	5	—
Sus & Tidewater	—	7
BANK STOCKS.		
North America	123	135½
Philadelphia	101	103
Far & Mec	56½	57
Commercial	46	47
N Liberty	55	—
Mechanics	26	26½
Southwark	70	—
P Township	34	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	11½	11½
Western	58½	60
Man & Mech	25½	27½
Commerce	62	63
Tradesman's	60	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	23	23½
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	58	59
M & M Pitts	53	57
Exchange Pitts	58	—
Kentucky	117	—
Northern Ky	110	—
Louisville, Ky	115	—
Farmers, Ky	112	—
Union, Knox'l, Tenn	97	—
Planters, Tenn	90	—
Cov & R Vick	9	9½
N O Gas Light	102	—

DEAFNESS CURED—However Caused. Address DR. BOARDMAN, jly17-2t 12 Suffolk Place, Boston.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOLSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, in Baltimore, by the Rev. Wm Hank, EDWARD T. HAZLETON, of Philada, to CARRIE H. BENNETT, of that city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM FURLOWE, to Miss NANCY McCAHAN.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. ALFRED CLARK, to Miss ANNIE P. MATTIX, both of New Jersey.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN RAIRD, to Miss JANE E. DELAHUNTA, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. H. Sutton, Mr. WILLIAM OWEN, to Miss MARY E. ELIOT.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. R. H. Pattison, Mr. JESSE SPRINGER, of Cape May county, N. J. to Miss EMMA SHROPSHIRE, of Morristown, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. D. Cheney, Mr. JOHN H. RUDNEY, to Miss ELIZABETH FREDERIC.

In Manayunk, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM HARTZEL, to Miss SOPHIA DILLMAN, both of Manayunk.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Wenzel, Mr. HENRY KRIEBEL, of Berks county, Pa. to Miss MARY A. WIEGNER, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Frankford, on the 25th of sixth month, 1858, JANE LANCASTER BARRETT, aged 77 years, relict of the late JOHN BARRETT, of Holmesburg.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH CAREY, aged 39.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS M. CHAMBERS, aged 46 years.

On the 4th instant, SARAH, wife of Gustavus A. Jones.

On the 4th instant, SUSANNA WARNER, aged 56.

On the 5th instant, EDWARD H. son of J. T. and Sarah Rose, aged 21 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. MARTIN DEHR, Sr. aged 77 years.

On the 5th instant, MARY JANE, wife of Wm. A Haslett.

On the 4th instant, ANNIE E STILE, aged 20 years.

On the 4th instant, MARY D. WOOD, aged 38.

On the 3d instant, J. A. NEVILES, of East Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

On the 4th instant, THOMAS MATLACK, aged 38.

On the 4th instant, Mr CHARLES KENSIL, Sr. aged 58 years.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES FINNEY, aged 66.

On the 5th instant, MARY LOUISA, wife of Thos. L. Schrack, aged 34 years.

THE "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT.

Only Half the usual quantity of Tea required, and a superior Beverage obtained.

The "*Old Dominion*" *Tea Pot* is made on the same plan as the "*Old Dominion*" *Coffee Pot*, and is designed for boiling *black tea*. Only *one half* the usual quantity of tea required, and a beverage obtained as much superior to the ordinary infusion of tea, as the coffee made in the "Old Dominion" Coffee Pot is superior to coffee made in the common boiler. This is not mere assertion, *but fact*, as any housekeeper may prove for herself.

The Chinese, who, it is presumed, know something about tea, boil it, instead of making, as the English and Americans do, a weak infusion. In the latter case, at least half of the strength of the tea is lost.

As a matter of economy, to say nothing of the superior excellence of the tea which it produces, the "*Old Dominion*" *Tea Pot* commends itself to all housekeepers.

There are two sizes—one quart, and two quarts.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,
Nos. 117 and 119 South Tenth Street,
Philadelphia,

Manufacturers under the patent for the United States of the "OLD DOMINION" TEA AND COFFEE POTS, and ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

☞ For sale by dealers in Housekeeping articles and storekeepers generally.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY { T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Two Vols. a year, commencing in July and January.

The best family Magazine.—*Miss. Rep.*

It should adorn the table of every lady.—*Fort Plains Reg.*

No mother should be without it.—*Shelbyville News.*

A messenger of things pure and lovely.—*Barnstable Patriot.*

TERMS—$2 a year. Two copies, $3. Single numbers for sale by Periodical Dealers.

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
jly17-3t 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl.—This prescription, given him by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be found in any Drug Store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.

Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City,
jly17-4t New Jersey.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.—Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. It has no equal on earth. No mother who has ever tried Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children will ever consent to let her child pass through the distressing and critical period of teething without the aid of this invaluable preparation. If life and health can be estimated by dollars and cents it is worth its weight in gold.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigor to the whole system.

It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in Children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

☞ Sold by Druggists throughout the world. ☜
my8-13t

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Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

HORSE-TAMING SECRET.

AGENTS WANTED, to sell the "GREAT AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER and FARRIER," by JEREMIAH BENTWRIGHT, the celebrated American Horse-Tamer.

This wonderful production from the pen of this remarkable man, is the result of a lifetime of study, of observation and experiment, and is now for the first time presented to the public. It contains information which will enable any individual possessed of ordinary understanding to *TAME THE WILDEST AND MOST VICIOUS HORSE IN A VERY SHORT TIME*, to have him thoroughly broken and obedient. It teaches how to harness a colt or a vicious horse, to break a kicking horse, to cure a horse from balking, to make a horse bow, to lie down, to get up, to stand without hitching, to follow his master and obey his directions in many other things. It contains instructions relative to riding driving, to making a horse pace, and many other subjects, such as telling the age of a horse, hints to purchasers, stable economy, and rules of great importance on the management, training, and treatment of horses.

A sample copy mailed (post-paid) on receipt of price, 25 cents, with terms to Agents.

Address DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
1t No. 43 South THIRD St., Phila., Pa.

A TRUE FRIEND IN THE HOUSE.

A pleasant wife, good-tempered children, attentive servants, elegant furniture, make the household cheerful, thrown over the family circle a sort of domestic sunshine which we all enjoy; but these, delightful as they are, may all be heightened, and even a more cheery aspect imparted to home by the simple yet indispensable friendship of a delicious cup of Coffee. To this enjoyable beverage all tinmen and dealers in ware seem to be in deadly hostility, for they so contrive that we shall have the cups filled with fluid; but the Coffee in its purity and fineness of flavor is not there. When we are all despairing, appears in the horizon the "OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT," which gives us the entire strength as well as the grateful aroma of berry, and by its simple construction is easy of use, always in order, and furnishes good Coffee at one-fourth the cost of the old and unsatisfactory method of boiling. The "Old Dominion Coffee Pot" is decidedly a great institution, and should at once be voted into every household in the land.—*New Yorker, June 26.*

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jly17-4t JOHN P. HOFF, Druggist, Easton, Pa.

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FOSTER'S PATENT TREE PROTECTOR.

The subscribers would call the attention of Fru

Wit and Humor.

FISHING ON WHITE RIVER.

Last summer, or rather last spring, while stopping in Indiana, I formed one of a company that went to the Falls of White River, near the village of Newberry, for the purpose of having a regular set two or three days' fishing spree, as the Hoosiers call it. The first day of our excursion turned out to be windy, and we had no luck; the next day we caught only a small bass, a little snapping turtle, a few frogs—just for the fun of it—and a bad cold. On the third day the tables turned, and fortune smiled upon us propitiously, for we all had fresh colds, Jack Collins fell overboard, and we caught him. Bill Marting caught the ague, and Tom Bourbon caught a catfish that weighed some seventy pounds.

Our "spree" was now at an end, and we found it a matter of little difficulty to take home with us all we had caught, except the big fish. It was too large to carry, and too small to justify the hire of special conveyance, so we were sorely puzzled as to what disposition we should make of it. At last a happy thought came to our relief. Joe, the auctioneer, formed one of our company, and so we resolved to go up to Newberry and sell the monster at auction. It was just about the first of the season, and so we expected to realize a handsome profit by way of fun, to say the least.

When we arrived at the village, we found about thirty persons assembled around a little grocery. Chuckling over such a streak of good luck, Joe shouldered the fish, mounted upon the head of a molasses hogshead, and proceeded to his business.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "how much do you say to start him? Do I hear fifty cents? F-i-f-t-y c-e-n-t-s! Do I hear a bid of fifty cents?"

But they did not say, and poor Joe cried and went on at an awful rate without the least prospect of a bid. Seeing that our chance of speculation was but slim, we concluded to amuse ourselves by bidding for fun.

"Five dollars to start him," said I.

"Five dollars—five—five, and a going as cheap as dirt; who says more?"

"Ten," says another of our company.

"Fifteen!"

And so the bids ran on till they reached thirty dollars—all sham, of course.

Just at this moment, a tall, gawky-looking Hoosier was seen making rapid strides towards the scene of action. Having arrived and looked at the fish on all sides, and listened to "thirty, and going," he bawled out:

"I say, stranger—you on that 'ar barrel—I kin do better than that myself. Jest hold on a minute, and let me hev a nuther squint at 'im. By ginger! Jest say fifty, and reek him!"

"Fifty! fifty!" cried the auctioneer, astonished at the bid; "fifty! going—going—gone, at fifty!"

The fish was handed over to the Hoosier, who after looking at old Joe a moment, and smelling to see that his prize was not spoiled, began to walk off with it.

"Stop, old fellow, you have not paid for it," cried several.

"Paid, ginger!" replied the green one, coming to a halt. "Warn't the fish gin to me? Didn't I hear you all guessin' thirty? and didn't I guess fifty? and I'll bet a coon skin he don't weigh any more; and didn't that old pussy feller up thar give it to me?"

"No, no!" exclaimed old Joe, while we were all holding our sides, "you bid fifty dollars for the fish, and you have got it to pay."

After a sour look, and a frown that was intended to tell how indignant he felt, the Hoosier replied:

"If yer Ingen enough to take a thing back arter givin' it to a feller, take it," and suiting the action to the word, he threw it at the auctioneer with all his strength. Our corpulent friend, having no desire to come in contact with a flying fish, leaped as high as he could, and when he came down, the hogshead top gave way beneath his weight, and in the next instant he was floundering about up to his chin in molasses.

"Te, he, he!" roared the Hoosier, as he made tracks off in the way he had come. "Te, he, he! *now yer a sweet pickle!*"

And so he was. With much difficulty we succeeded in extricating him, after which we paid the damage, and started in search of water, resolving never again, under any circumstances to set up a fish market at Newberry.—*Spirit of the Times.*

LADY TAMER.—The great success of Rarey in taming fractious horses in England has suggested to a crafty Yankee the idea of applying the secret art to women, especially those who have promised to obey, and of course have never done so. He charges $50 a lesson. We learn that Mr. Prettyman has been invited to visit the metropolis. Here are some of his certificates:—

New York, May 8, 1858.

This is to certify that Mr. Paul Prettyman has succeeded in subduing my wife. He took her when in her most reckless condition, and in one hour she was cooking a beefsteak with the placidity of an angel. JAMES P. HOGGINS.

Mr. Prettyman has full liberty to refer to me. His art I consider the great desideratum of married life. He quieted Mrs. Simpkins, who was always ugly in double harness, and accomplished wonders. Not a shirt-button has been missed since the date of his trial.

P. SIMPKINS, *Newark, N. J.*

Cannot Mr. Prettyman confer an additional benefit on suffering humanity by devising some means by which amiable wives may subject rebellious husbands to a just and proper discipline?

THE FIRST DEAD-HEAD.—"Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?" said the elder Matthews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend. "Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend. "Why, Joseph; of course," said Matthews, "did not his brothers put him in the *pit for nothing?*"

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.—An American in Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly and brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much; our countryman paid his bill and incontinently left.

TOO MUCH FOR JOHNSON.—Johnson was the conductor on a Western road; a very pompous official, so much above his business as to appear to be a passenger whenever he could. Leaving the door open one cold day as he entered the cars, Mr. Bangs cried out to him:—"I say, shut that door!" The elegant Johnson was greatly offended at being spoken to so rudely, and stepping up to him, said:—"I am the conductor of the train." "That's the very reason," roared out Mr. Bangs, "why I told you to *shut the door!*" The man shut the door.

WIND AND GOLD.—Sheridan agreed with Walker about the word wind—pronouncing it wynd; but differed from him with respect to gold, which he would pronounce goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd!" An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold!"—*Household Words.*

Agricultural.

PEAR CULTURE.

I saw in the Rural of the 19th instant, a long article from Lewis F. Allen on Pear Culture, and as I am somewhat interested in growing pears, I will give my experience. Nine years ago I set out *one thousand* pear trees, half dwarf, and the other half standards. The dwarfs commenced bearing the third year, and have never failed to give a crop since. About the sixth year my standard trees commenced bearing, and last year, from about 500 of the trees, I obtained over 400 bushels of pears, having sold that number, besides a good many bushels eaten in the family. The fruit, on account of sickness, I was obliged to sell in this city and Buffalo, at $4 per bushel. Had I taken them to New York city, as I designed to do, I could have obtained $15 per barrel for them. The dwarf trees, at nine years old bore more fruit last year than standards of the same age, many of my dwarf trees giving from a bushel and a half to two bushels. Some varieties, too, are much better when grown on the quince root.—So satisfied was I with my success, that I have been induced to plant 2,000 more dwarf trees, and now I have over 3,000 pear trees growing on less than eight acres of land. Among these are 2,000 White Doyennes, 300 Louise Bonne de Jersey and balance Seckel, Bartlett, Onband's Summer, Dearborn's Seedling, Duchesse de Angouleme, Easter Beurre, Vicar of Wakefield and one or two other sorts. Now, if friend Allen is correct in his views, I have made a sad mistake.

You will discover that I report the product of 500 trees out of the 1,000 planted. The cause of this I will explain. The cattle came into the back end of my lot and destroyed about one half of my trees soon after planting. I then put up a picket fence seven feet high, around my orchard, and have not been troubled since.

I think if friend Allen had kept the grass out of his orchard, his trees would not have died nor been eaten up with mice, and if he had washed the trunks every spring with soft soap and water, he might have been able to make a more favorable report.

I rather think I could grow pears near Buffalo, though much of the soil is too low and flat for orcharding. They are as easily grown as apples, at least this is my experience, and more certain to bear every year. My dwarf trees, nine years planted, produce, one year with another, a bushel to a tree, and if I can make the other 2,500 do the same, they will give me 3,000 bushels of pears every season from eight acres of ground, which at the price they will now sell for in New York, will bring $18,000. Reduce this one half, and it will be $9,000. Or, suppose the price or quantity of fruit should reduce the sum first stated three-fourths. I then would have $4,500 from the eight acres of ground, which it seems to me should satisfy any reasonable man.

In conclusion, I will say that I challenge the United States to produce handsomer trees, either dwarfs or standards, than are growing in my orchard on Genesee Street, Rochester, where friend Allen and the rest of mankind can see them. LEWIS BURTIS.

Rochester, June 1858.

REMARKS.—We accepted an invitation from Mr. Burtis to visit his orchard, where we found many beautiful specimens, both dwarfs and standards. Here, to our surprise, we found *Bartletts* on the quince root, more than ten feet high, nine years planted, apparently healthy and vigorous, and capable of bearing a couple of bushels of fruit each, which was about the quantity produced last season. Here, too, we saw the Seckel on its own roots, forming a most beautiful pyramid, as regular as the Norway Spruce and fifteen feet high. We took notes of many things, which we may at some other time use, but our columns are too crowded now to admit of a more extended notice. Those of our readers who can, will *do* well to accept the invitation of Mr. Burtis and visit his orchard.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT—SUCH AS WILL HAPPEN OCCASIONALLY IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILY.

MAMMA.—"Why, good gracious, nurse! what's the matter with Adolphus? He looks very odd!"

NURSE.—"And well he may, mum! for he thought the colored balls in Miss Charlotte's new game of Solitaire was sugar plums, and he's swallowed ever so many of 'em!"

THE POTATO CURE.

What science can do, and at the worst, to what curious results observation and analysis may lead, has been curiously shown in the examination of a preventive of potato rot, which is said to be well established. We presume that our agricultural readers have seen of late the statement that if *peas* be planted in seed potatoes, there is not only an unusual yield of peas, but also a full crop of potatoes, which are invariably healthy. From the New York Scientific American we learn that this fact coming to the knowledge of Mr. Jackson, of Leeds, England, prompted him to submit a series of samples of diseased and sound potatoes to careful chemical analysis, and he invariably found that the diseased potatoes, as compared with the healthy ones, exhibited a marked deficiency of nitrogen and of nitrogenized matter in every instance, and also a great deficiency, as compared to the published analysis of the potato, by Liebig and others, made some years before. "From that result," says Mr. Jackson, in his published report, "I inferred that the potato, being inherently deficient in nitrogen, if it were inoculated with a substance intrinsically rich in that element, as peas are, during the mutual decomposition and chemical changes of the substance of both plants, in the process of their germination and growth, a sufficient evolution of nitrogen from the pea would take place, and be absorbed by combining with and supplying the deficiency of that element in the potato, and thus communicate, as it were, its equivalent in that way, and counteract its tendency to disease."

Experiments were then made with different varieties of potatoes, four or five peas being planted in each potato, set deep and avoiding the eye. The result was more than satisfactory—it was remarkable.

It is needless to suggest to the intelligent reader that the presence or absence of nitrogen or other elements in the soil, might affect the growth of the vegetables; but it is also needless to suggest the very practical and common sense *rationale* of the remedy or recipe. It cannot fail to occur to the agricultural chemist, that we have here a principle of wide application, which may be eventually of immense importance to the farmer. The presence or absence of certain chemical properties in plants during their growth, and the degree to which they may borrow or take from each other, are well worth extended study. It had been recognized in the agriculture of all ages, that certain plants grow well together, or are mutually injurious. The discovery of Jackson, of Leeds, gives us a key to this, and the possibility of eradicating many diseases of plants.

The grand conclusion of the whole is that the day must come when all agriculture must be conducted on a scientific basis; when every farmer must know something more than what his grandfather knew before him, and learning be at a premium. Then we shall possibly see it proved that the supply of food can be always easily kept ahead of the demand, and the best hopes of political economists and philanthropists be realised.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Corn fodder is a valuable substitute for grass;—and, if drilled in, yields three or four times the quantity per acre that grass does.

Lime soils are injurious to sheep, as by absorbing the oil in the wool, they render the fibre harsh and brittle.

A handful of bran meal, mixed occasionally in the mess of a cow, will pay ten fold its cost in the richness of the milk.

Give hogs, occasionally, a tablespoonful of a compound of three parts ashes and one of salt, for each hog, mixed with their food, and it will kill kidney worms.

Cut swale grass before it blossoms, red top when in blossom, red clover when about half the heads are in blossom, and timothy when most of the blossoms have fallen.

The first stage of decomposition of manure is a dry mould. This, if applied to plants, will draw moisture *from* them, and be a positive injury.

Swamps want lime to decompose the vegetable matter in them; dry knolls want leached ashes, or clay, to hold water, and plaster to furnish sulphuric acid to dissolve the sand, and render it soluble.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TOBACCO.

Get through the "weeding" (the first working with the hoe) as soon as you can after the plants show that they are rooting. It should be done if possible within ten days after planting, and by all means before the grass roots get much hold of the ground. This work should be done with much care, very little rough usage of the hoe against the young plant will destroy it. Let every sprig of grass growing close about the plant be picked away with the fingers. As soon as possible after weeding, use plaster, dropping a small quantity on each plant. If you have preserved a few bushels of ashes to use with the plaster in equal quantities, it will improve the dressing.

After weeding, work in the rows with a small plough running with the bar as near the plants as can be done safely and throwing the earth from the plants. Work in this way in both directions. The next workings should be done with a shovel plough—throwing the earth to the plants. These workings should be continued at intervals of ten days until the tobacco gets too large. It should then be finished off with the hoe, taking out bunches of grass which may have escaped destruction, and dressing the ground, but not drawing earth to the plants.

WORMS.—The first "glut" of worms usually make their appearance in July. The tobacco being small, a flock of turkeys kept well to their work usually subdues them. The damage they do at this season is not generally very material. It is important, however, that they should all be destroyed, as every one which is allowed to pass into the *Horn blower* may propagate hundreds the same season. The great damage usually done by worms is in August, and their increase may be prevented to a considerable extent by destroying every one that makes its appearance now.—*American Farmer.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

A HINT.—It is well-known by all hay-makers, that the soles of boots or shoes, in the hot, dry weather during haying, become smooth as glass, and full as uncertain for a foothold, as well as dangerous on the hop of a load, or in ascending and descending the mows. Now, to remedy this evil, I take the soles from a pair of cast-off rubber shoes, and tack them to the bottoms of my boots. Since this has been my practice, I have at all times known where to find my feet when I put them down.

HORSE-CHESTNUTS FOR CATTLE AND POULTRY.—If Tommy Maw wishes to give his sheep horse-chestnuts he should steep the nuts in lime water, wash them well afterwards, and boil them to a paste. So prepared they are very fattening. This process effectually destroys their bitterness, which is considered to be injurious to sheep. Deer will eat them uncooked. They enrich the milk of cows, and are said to cure horses of coughs, and hence the Latin name given to this tree. Turkeys stuffed with horse-chestnuts when living, as well as with the sweet chestnut dead, and lambs fed on pistachio nuts, were in former days considered great delicacies; and the wild turkey in America is especially fond of and fattens on "pecarn nuts." I used to think that it was the oil in the chestnut that rendered it so nutritious, but find it is nearer the pulse tribe than the nut in its qualities, and very farinaceous.—*London Field.*

A HINT.—When you prune a small branch off a tree, always see that a bud is left opposite the cut, this will help it to heal over quickly; and you will assist the matter still more by making the cut always a sloping one.

BOOS OR VIZER.—In addition to the remedies mentioned in our last, we now add, from a responsible source, that the ashes of anthracite coal are a great protection to plants against the striped and the black bug. A gentleman informs us that, after trying gypsum, soot and sulphur, in vain, he tried coal ashes, sifting on about half a pint to each hill of cucumbers, and the effect was at once apparent. Every bug disappeared and did not return. A remedy so simple and so cheap, ought to be known. Perhaps it will turn out, by and by, that nothing has been made in vain.—*American Agriculturist.*

PROPAGATING FRUIT-TREES.—It is said that in China they have a common method of propagating several kinds of fruit-trees, which of late years has been practiced with success in Bengal. The method is simply this:—They strip a ring, or bark, about an inch in width, from a bearing branch, and surround the place with a ball of fat earth or loam, bound fast to the branch with a piece of matting; over this they suspend a pot, or horn with water, having a small hole in the bottom, just sufficient to let the water drop in order to keep the earth constantly moist. The branch throws new roots into the earth, just above the place where the ring was stripped off. The operation is performed in the spring, and the branch is sawn off and put into the ground at the fall of the leaf. The following year it bears fruit.

Useful Receipts.

CURRANT WINE.—We offer the following, contributed by an intelligent, practical correspondent:—

Squeeze the fresh, but fully ripe berries, till the juice ceases to run freely. Pour over the *pulp* as much water as there is juice, and press again. Repeat the process which will extract all the juice and form a liquid of the proper consistence, viz.: two parts water and one part juice. Add one-third of its weight of white sugar and place in wide open vessels, in a moderately cool place to ferment. In two or three days it will be ready for bottling. Great care is required that the fermentation be not too rapid, tending to form vinegar. When this is the case, place in a cooler situation. It is sometimes desirable to have the fermentation go on quite slowly, in which case put it in casks, leaving the bung open and keep in a cool place for a week, or two even, before drawing off or bottling.—*American Agriculturist.*

BOTTLING GOOSEBERRIES.—At the last meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, Mr. Laboyteux made an interesting statement of the method he had seen adopted for keeping gooseberries for winter use, and which is valuable at this season of the year. M. Laboyteux said the berries are picked from the bush at midday, when perfectly dry, and immediately bottled in glass bottles, corked and sealed with wax: the bottles are then placed (top down) in dry sand, so as to exclude the light, and keep cool.

The fruit is not cooked nor sugared, nor is it expedient to remove the stem or bloom, as in removing them the berry is liable to be wounded and the moisture exude. In this way this fruit had been successfully kept throughout the winter for table use. The same method had likewise been tried with the currant, and with the most gratifying success—the berries being found sound in February, and their flavor unimpaired.

HOW TO DRY RHUBARB.—In answer to your correspondent who inquires whether "you have had any experience in drying rhubarb for future use," please say to him that it is done by simply preparing it precisely as for pies, peeling the stalks and cutting in small pieces. Dry it in the sun or moderately warm oven. We think its flavor decidedly improved by drying.—*Country Gentleman.*

AN EXCELLENT DISTEMPER COLOR FOR INTERIORS.—Take about as much double size in bulk as plaster of Paris, in order to cover the surface to be colored. Knock them well up with warm water, enough to make a creamy fluid; color the same according to the tint required. For Blue, use Smalt; for Pink, use Vermillion; for Green, use Brunswick or Scheele's Green; these colors, which are in powder, are to be rubbed up on a slate or piece of board with water, and then added to the whitewash. In many rooms a nice clean tinted distempered ceiling and walls equal in appearance the most gaudy paper, and this coloring is far more economical.

THE CRUSADER.—A story which occurred during the Crusades, is related by the author of the *Histoire Generale:* During one of the truces between the Crusaders and the Saracens, the latter asked seriously why it was the former had left their homes and travelled so many long miles, and wherein the Moslems had offended them, that they had sought their blood in such a vengeful way? The Crusaders said: it was because they, the Saracens, were unbelievers; they had put to death our Lord; that they were idolaters, and in particular worshipped two great idols, called Mahound and Termagaunt. The Saracens answered that they were most sadly mistaken; it was the Jews who had put to death Issa ben Mariam (Jesus, Son of Mary), 600 years before there were any Mahometans; that as to images, they abhorred them; so far from worshipping them, they never suffered the likeness of anything to be made, not even in a picture; whilst the Christians had images in all their churches, bowed down to them, burnt incense before them; and they entreated the Christians to come into their mosques and houses, and see for themselves whether there were any idols there or not. It was all of no use. The Christians were so blinded by prejudice, they would not believe the evidence of their own senses, and they went on devoutly cutting the Saracens' throats, because they had killed the Lord of Life, and because they worshipped the two great idols, Mahound and Termagaunt.—*The Builder.*

A GOOD REPORT OF MADAME RACHEL'S.—It was on the eve of Rachel's departure from Russia, on the eve, too, of the war breaking out, that a dinner had been offered to the French Melpomene, and the young military guests were speaking of the possibility that the sword might be called to sever the Gordian knot that diplomacy seemed to despair of ever loosening.—"We shall not bid you adieu, but *au revoir*, mademoiselle," quoth one of the gay sons of Mars to the *tragédienne;* "we hope soon to applaud you in the capital of France, and to drink your health in its excellent wines."—"Nay, messieurs," replied she, "France will not be rich enough to afford champagne to all her *prisoners.*"—*Memoirs of Rachel, by Madame de B.*

☞ Jules Gerard, the lion hunter, is of small stature and apparently slight build, and in dress and manners quite a carpet knight.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 5, was a noble Roman, head of the Calphurnian family
My 2, 4, 9, was the sister and wife of Saturn.
My 3, 7, 12, 5, was a strong man, who would carry an ox, without breathing, for the space of a furlong.
My 4, 2, is the chief river of Italy
My 5, 6, 4, 6, was a nymph of Mount Ida.
My 6, 7, 12, 8, 9, is the largest river in Africa.
My 7, 2, 8, 7, 13, was one of the Greek colonies.
My 8, 6, 13, is a river in Africa
My 9, 2, 12, 5, 6, was one of the wise men of Greece, the lawgiver of the Athenians.
My 10, 5, 12, 2, was a Rhodian orator, who was Cæsar's master.
My 11, 13, 7, 9, was a country in Peloponnesus.
My 12, 13, 3, 7, 13, were hobgoblins that enticed young children to them and ate them.
My 13, 1, 2, 12, 12, 5, was the god of science.
My whole is the name of one of the classical geographers. C. B. N.

Yankeetown, O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 14, 13, 11, but for it we would all have been good.
My 1, 6, 14, is a very useful article
My 14, 16, 15, is a man's nickname
My 2, 10, 1, 7, 4, is the glorious bird of the Union.
My 18, 20, 3, the sight of which makes many a traveller glad.
My 5, 6, 18, 11, does a great deal of good to vegetation.
My 8, 10, 3, is what a lady carries on a warm day.
My 7, 13, 19, 11, is one of the strongest of animals.
My 10, 13, 9, is what we cannot do without.
My 12, 16, 9, 17, 18, 6, 1, 2, is what many of the rich have.
My whole was a distinguished American General of the Revolution G. W. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the farmer's fields are covered o'er
With yellow, ripening grain;
And a'l his barns are close'y filled
With the produce of the plain,
He often thinks of the gold he'll have
When he comes home from my *first;*
For well he knows that he must go there,
If he wants to be reimbursed.

When the air is cold, and the wind is chill,
And snow lies all around;
And frost has covered the stream with ice,
And locked the mellow ground;
You'll think of my *second* if you're away,
From your friends and your home so warm,
And hope you may reach it ere the day
Closes in with a wintry storm.

The approach of my *third* is oft proclaimed,
When the sky is bright and fair,
Yet with more truth its signs may be known,
By the rarity of the air.
My *whole* you can see in country or town,—
Its name you can quickly glean,
I will tell no more, for with what you have,
You ought to know what I mean.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Nine letters to complete I take.
Pray, do you think I much mistake,
When I confess (though I'm not human,)
To increase the sphere of lovely woman,
I've done as much as any one—
E'en since the very world began?
Omit my *one, three, four,* and *nine,*
A common name you will define.
Omit my *three, four, six,* and *seven,*
You'll have a name to beldames given.
My middle may'hap you'll explain,
When you find out what is my name.
GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am an epithet.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 5, and I am a weight.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, and transpose, and I belong to a clock.
Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and I am a portion of a fence.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am used in the kitchen.
Omit my 3, 4, 5, 7, and I signify a passage.
Omit my 2, 3, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am an English title of nobility.
My whole is a great improvement to a country.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a question in Daniel Adam's arithmetic which reads as follows: "A man plastered a church of the following dimensions, viz: The end walls contained 116 square yards, 7 square feet, 96 square inches each; the side walls 178 square yards, 138 square inches each, and the ceiling 439 square yards, 6 square feet, 78 square inches What was the whole amount of plastering in the church?" The answer to which question is 1,029 square yards, 5 square feet, 114 square inches.

Now provided the walls and ceiling of said church were all flat and even surfaces, and no deduction is made for the probability of doors and windows, then I would like to know the length, breadth and height of the said church

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotsenville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

☞ Why is the letter R very beneficial to morality. Ans.—Because it makes a *fiend* a *friend*.

☞ Why is a Governor like an article commonly used by school-boys? Ans.—Because he is a *ruler*.

☞ When is a man's shirt bosom like a disturbed lake? Ans.—When it is *ruffled*.

☞ When is a military commander like a disease of the throat? Ans.—When he's a co.onel (*kernel*) to be sure. C. H.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Gilbert Matier Lafayette. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—A sprained ankle is worse than a broken leg. RIDDLE—Mary (Myra, Army, May, Yam, Ram). CHARADE—Rattlesnake (Rat, Rattle, Snake). CHARADE—Ear-ring. ANAGRAMS—Anagrams, Gallants, Silkworm, Signature, Bastards, Argument, Misanthropist, A misnomer, Simpletons, Foolishness, Distinction, Misanthropy. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—$365 96